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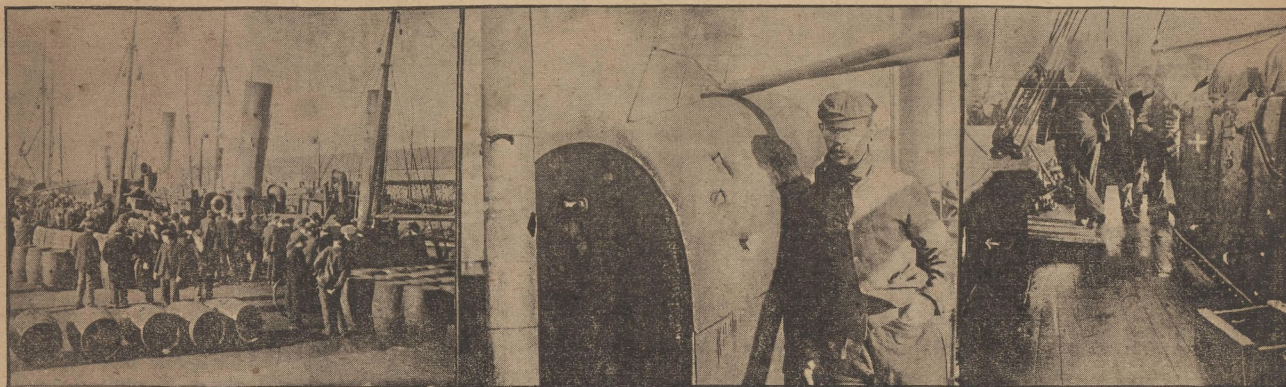
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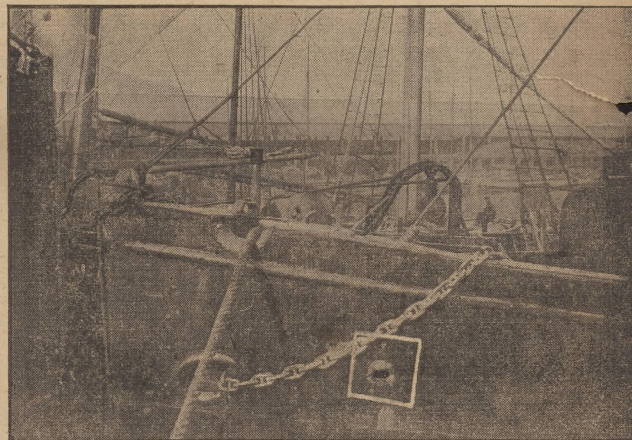
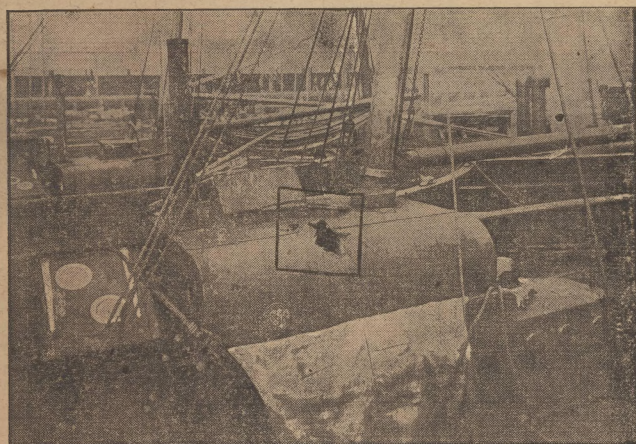
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE BRITISH FISHING BOATS WHICH WERE SHELLLED BY THE RUSSIANS.



The first photograph shows the crowds on the quay at Hull yesterday, inspecting the fishing-boats which were riddled by the Russian Baltic Fleet. In the second picture is seen the second engineer of the trawler Mino, which was twice struck by shells. The photograph on the right shows the damage (indicated by a X) wrought on the Moulmein.



The above two photographs of the damaged Hull fishing-boats show the rents, in the squares, made in the sides of the boats by shells from warships of the Russian Baltic Fleet. One of the projectiles from the Russian guns went right through the boat.

JAPANESE RESTING AFTER A HEAVY DAY'S FIGHTING.



A large detachment of Japanese troops resting after a very severe battle in Manchuria. The regimental flag is seen in the foreground, wound round the staff, and supported by bayonets. (T. Ruddiman Johnston, Tokio.)

TSAR'S SORROW.

Sympathy with Families
Bereaved by Russian
Outrage.

BRITAIN'S DEMANDS.

Punishment for Offending Officers
— Compensation for Loss.

QUEEN'S GIFT OF £100.

Mission Ship Coming to London
with Wounded.

As all the world expected, Nicholas II., the peace-loving Tsar of Russia, has lost no time in assuring King Edward of his profound sorrow on account of the Baltic Fleet outrage.

The Tsar, having expressed his condolences with the sufferers, goes on to say that he will take steps to afford complete satisfaction when the circumstances of the lamentable disaster are made clear.

In London yesterday public tension was considerably relieved by the announcement of the Tsar's message.

It was generally felt that probably the enormity of the outrage had not been communicated in all its shocking detail to the Emperor.

Count Lamsdorff yesterday called at the British Embassy in St. Petersburg and requested Sir Charles Hardinge to convey to King Edward and to the British Government a message from the Emperor, who, while he had received no news from the Admiral in command of the fleet, could only attribute the incident in the North Sea to a very regrettable misunderstanding.

The Emperor wished to express his sincere regret to the King and the Government for the sad loss of life that had occurred, and to say that he would take steps to afford complete satisfaction to the sufferers as soon as the circumstances of the case were cleared up.

MINISTERS EARLY ASTIR.

The Russian Ambassador in London was early astir yesterday, for at eleven o'clock in the morning he paid a visit to Lansdowne House.

Count Benckendorff's interview with Lord Lansdowne was a prolonged one. He is understood to have expressed his sorrow for the outrage, and to have given promises that immediate attention would be paid to the matter.

Shortly before noon Sir Henry Seymour King, with Dr. Jackson and Mr. Beeching, attended at the Foreign Office to lodge a formal demand for compensation.

Immediately afterwards Sir H. S. King called at 10, Downing-street, to see the Prime Minister, who had arrived from Scotland early in the morning.

The interview was a short one, for a few minutes later Mr. Balfour drove off to Lansdowne House in a cab, and spent more than an hour in conference with the Foreign Secretary.

It was said to be the intention of the Government to issue some sort of statement in the evening, supplementary to that issued on Monday night.

About six o'clock, however, it was announced that neither the Prime Minister nor the Foreign Secretary would have any communication to make.

BRITAIN'S STERN DEMAND.

It transpires, however, that the British Government, in the Note forwarded to St. Petersburg, has made thoroughly specific demands.

In the first place a full apology is required, as well as ample compensation for the unwarrantable action of the Baltic Fleet.

This, however, is the smallest part of the demands formulated by His Majesty's Government.

It is further insisted that an inquiry shall be instituted with all dispatch, and that the officers responsible for the outrage be adequately punished.

Security against any repetition of such an occurrence is also demanded.

It will be seen, therefore, that the Government has fully redeemed the pledge given in the telegram dispatched by the Prime Minister to the Mayor of Hull.

It is certain that the sentiment of the nation will not be satisfied, nor its wrath appeased, unless these demands are met in full and with all dispatch.

The wrong done is one that can be atoned by no mere apology and payment of monetary compen-

W. breezes; fair generally; misty or foggy.) TO-DAY'S WEATHER (Lighting-up time: 5.44 p.m. Sea passages (smooth in the S. and E.; moderate W.

sation. The dismissal and degradation of the guilty officers must speedily follow, and a satisfactory guarantee of security "for such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions."

WHERE IS THE FLEET?

At a late hour yesterday no news whatever had been received in St. Petersburg from Admiral Rozhdestvensky with regard to the outrage.

Meantime, the arrival of the Baltic Fleet was momentarily expected at the Spanish port of Vigo, where a number of colliers are awaiting the warships.

The greatest excitement prevails at that port, where a rumour is current that the Spanish Government intends to interfere and prevent coaling operations in the port.

The deepest interest and curiosity has been excited in London by the visit paid by Mr. Henry White, of the United States Embassy in London, to the Foreign Office yesterday.

The object of the visit has not yet transpired, but it is generally connected with a Washington telegram published in yesterday's "New York Sun."

This message states that a suggestion has been received by the State Department from Great Britain that joint action should be taken, under certain conditions, with a view to stopping the Baltic Fleet on account of mismanagement and incompetence.

GRUESOME STORIES.

Survivors' Thrilling Accounts of Awful Scenes.

With his arm in a sling, and suffering also from a scalp wound, Albert Almond, a young trimmer on the ill-fated trawler Crane, told the following story to a *Mirror* representative at Hull yesterday:—

"I had just turned into my bunk. Suddenly the sound of heavy firing startled me. I jumped out of my berth and ran up on deck, when an amazing scene met my eyes. All around was the glare of a hundred searchlights.

"From each warship around guns were firing. I turned and ran below, Hoggart, the boatswain, following me. Just as he reached the bottom step he gave a shout, 'I'm shot,' he groaned. 'My hands are off.'"

"I turned round quickly to help him. There was another crash, and I felt a horrible pain in my arm. For a moment it sickened me, and then I saw the blood pouring on to the cabin floor, and all the flesh torn away from my arm.

SHOT DROVE HIM MAD.

"The chief engineer, John Nixon, had also been hit. He looked awful, with a terrible gash in his head. He staggered up and stared at me in a stupid sort of way. 'Who are you?' he said in a queer voice. I looked at him in amazement. 'I'm Almond, of course,' I replied. 'Who'd you think I am?' He gave a little gasp, and then cried, putting his hands up to his face, 'My head's off! The shot must have driven him mad for the time.'

"I turned round, and there was the skipper, Captain Smith, lying against the winch. It was the most awful sight I have ever seen, and I turned my head away and never looked at him again. Afterwards I heard that his head had been blown clean off."

In the forecastle he found the third hand, Leggett, with the top part of his face completely gone. "It sickened me," he said, in a breaking voice, "and I went on deck again. All this time the firing never ceased."

"It was pitiable to see young Smith, the skipper's son. He was terror-stricken, and rushed about, calling, 'Father, father.' He never found the body, and we dared not tell him the skipper was dead."

The mate of the Crane, William Smith, who was wounded in the back, told in vivid language the story of the coming of the warships, the brilliant display of searchlights, and the wonder and pleasure of the crew of the ill-fated Crane at the sight.

"We were pleased as anything," he said, "until suddenly, in the midst of the flare of the lights, a shot rang out in the night. We were all of us hard at it gutting fish," he continued, "and the sound of the gun startled us."

SHOT IN THE BACK.

"In a moment the boatswain, Hoggart, cried out from the bows, 'I'm shot!' I started across the deck to see if I could help him when a sudden pain seemed to shoot through my back. The shock stopped me for a minute. Then I went on, helped him a bit, and looked after the others. I turned to cross, and saw the skipper lying on his back. It was a ghastly sight, such as I never want to see again. The shots seemed to hit the Crane every minute, and she quivered and shook. Presently a shot hit us below, and she began to settle down slowly."

Meanwhile the firing continued. I signalled the boat to stop, and then I ordered the lifeboats out. I thought we were done for. 'Do the best you can for yourselves, boys,' I cried. Then the Gull came within hail. 'For God's sake, get your boats out. We're sinking,' I shouted.

"They got their boat out and came over. 'We must take the skipper and Leggett,' I said. I helped to get the bodies into the boat, and remember no more until I found myself on board the Gull."

OUR POPULAR KING

Leaves for Newmarket Amid
Loud Cheering.

Yesterday morning the departure of the King for Newmarket was made the occasion of a remarkable popular ovation.

An unusually large crowd was waiting at the gates of Buckingham Palace as the King passed out, and His Majesty was greeted by loud and continued cheering.

The cheering was continued in the streets throughout the drive to Liverpool Street Station, where an immense throng was waiting.

As the King walked towards his special saloon carriage, the people gathered inside the station and raised cheer after cheer. Some enthusiasts displayed their great feeling by shouting over all other voices: "Good old Teddy." His Majesty was visibly affected by the warmth of the ovation, and several times doffed his hat in acknowledgment. As the train moved off there was another burst of cheering.

PRACTICAL SYMPATHY.

The Queen Adds £100 to His Majesty's Gift.

Practical sympathy for the sufferers by the outrage has found expression in many offers of money and assistance.

The example set by His Majesty the King, who telegraphed on Monday night his intention of contributing 200 guineas for the relief of the afflicted families, has speedily been followed.

Yesterday the Mayor of Hull received a registered package containing ten £10 notes, accompanied by the following letter:—

Buckingham Palace, Oct. 24, 1904.

Sir,—I am commanded by the Queen to forward you the enclosed £100 for distribution amongst those who are disabled, and for the widows and children of the fishermen who have lost their lives in the recent disaster. I am further desirous to ask you to express her Majesty's sympathy with the sufferers, and kindly to inform her how those who are injured are progressing. I am, sir, your obedient servant, SIDNEY GREVILLE.

A message has also been received from the Marquess of Ripon, who is Lord High Steward of the Court, saying: "I will subscribe £100 for the sufferers by the North Sea outrage."

Mr. G. Fleischer, of the London Dock, guarantees £10 weekly to the widows and orphans for five weeks, unless the Russian or British Government gives the necessary support. Many telegrams from private persons have also been received, offering monetary assistance to the sufferers.

HAVE FAITH IN THE GOVERNMENT.

Sir Albert Rollit last night received the following telegram from Mr. Balfour:—

"I only arrived in London this morning, and every minute has been occupied. As I have already telegraphed to the Mayor of Hull the public may have full confidence in the action which the Government are taking.—ARTHUR BALFOUR."

"GETTING THEIR HANDS IN."

In a report of the occurrence sent to Lord Lansdowne from the admiral of the Hull fishing fleet, Captain Carr says:—

"I don't know whether they took us for Japanese, or whether they were practising to get their hands in. There must be a mistake somewhere. They ought to have known we were only inoffensive fishermen."

WOUNDED MEN REACH HULL.

The steam trawler Gull, which took the injured men and the bodies off the Crane before she sank, and afterwards transferred them to the mission ship, arrived at St. Andrew's Dock, Hull, last night.

The Gull remained near the mission ship and brought three of the injured to Hull. They were removed to the infirmary.

Mr. Heard, the Russian Consul at Hull, has received a telegram from the Embassy requesting him to attend the inquest on Wednesday of next week.

PRODIGAL SON, AGED 80.

Charles Christian, of Cleveland, U.S.A., who in his youth was a ne'er-do-weel, ran away from home and was given up as dead. Meanwhile, having sown his wild oats, he settled down in Iowa and prospered there.

Now he has reached the age of eighty, and seized with an uncontrollable home-sickness, has made his way home, where he had the great good fortune to find his mother, aged ninety-nine, still alive, who warmly welcomed her long-lost child.

Their meeting was a most touching one, and it is now settled that she shall return with her son to share his home in Iowa.

ADMIRALTY MOVES.

Orders Issued to Three
British Fleets.

'MEASURE OF PRECAUTION.'

The following was issued from the Admiralty last evening:—

After the receipt of the news of the tragedy in the North Sea, on Monday, October 24, preliminary orders for mutual support and co-operation were, as a measure of precaution, issued from the Admiralty to the Mediterranean, Channel, and Home Fleets. Admiralty, October 25, 1904.

H.M.S. Hearty, the senior officer's ship on fishery protection duty, has left Lowestoft for a cruise in the North Sea. It is stated, says a Lowestoft telegram, that the departure was in consequence of special orders from the Admiralty.

CHANNEL FLEET COALING.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

GIBRALTAR, Tuesday.—The Channel Fleet is coaling hastily here, and will complete the operation to-morrow night.

It is rumoured that as soon as this is done the fleet will proceed westward, it is believed, in connection with the North Sea outrage.

ADMIRAL DOMVILLE'S ACTIVITY.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ROME, Tuesday.—A telegram from Venice states that the British admiral, under Admiral Sir Compton Domville, has suddenly left for Pola, on the Austrian coast.

A rumour is current here in responsible circles that the squadron has been ordered to intercept the Baltic Fleet before it reaches Madeira.

RUSSIA'S DUTY.

Lord Selborne on What England or America Would Do.

Lord Selborne, the First Lord of the Admiralty, referred at some length to the Russian outrage at "The Pilgrims" banquet to Rear-Admiral Jewell and the officers of the American squadron at the Savoy Hotel last night.

An inexcusable outrage had been committed, he said. What course would the King and the British people or the American people take, he asked, if—which was quite impossible—the British or American Navy had made such a mistake?

They would issue an immediate and ample apology. They would make every reparation in their power, and they would punish those responsible for the terrible blunder.

He was sure, however, that the Tsar and the Russian people would feel the same remorse, and would take the same action to clear themselves as the British or the American people would take. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

ON THEIR MERITS.

Personal Element in U.S.A. Presidential Election.

The forthcoming American Presidential election promises to possess more than usual interest for people in England.

It has resolved itself into a personal contest—a match between the respective popularity of Theodore Roosevelt and of Judge Parker.

Mr. Roosevelt has gained a place in the regard of the majority of Englishmen, for his blunt, straightforward character has made a direct appeal to their sympathies. Judge Parker, until the last few months, was practically unknown to them. But his attitude as candidate has already won their respect.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S CAMARADERIE.

Hence the election which is to take place on November 8 will undoubtedly attract exceptional attention in this country.

Mr. Roosevelt's chief "platform" is his picturesque breeziness. He seems to be the comrade of every voter. As to Judge Parker, his "platform" is waited for, but does not arrive.

The old cries are no good, for the man himself has not caught on; no one seems to know him, in spite of Mr. Bryan's championship. Roosevelt, the man in possession, seems destined to remain President.

The Republicans also have the advantage of years of successful organisation, and are working together, while the Democrats have only recent reorganisation at their backs.

The Republican party, as a result of the usual preliminary canvass, declare that in the best event they will score 317 votes in the Electoral College, as against 159 the Democrats, and a plurality of 158.

Mr. Roosevelt and his chairman, Mr. Cortelyou, are less optimistic, and estimate their total votes at 254.

MOVING ON.

Japanese Centre Menaces
Russian Positions.

SMALL JAP LOSSES.

News has been received in Paris that the Japanese centre is again advancing, and that a further attack upon the Russian positions along the Sha-ho is impending.

The total Japanese losses in the great battle have now been estimated and, according to Marshal Oyama's official report, amount to little more than one fourth of those sustained by the Russians.

Curiously enough, a St. Petersburg telegram is also to hand which estimates the Japanese losses before Port Arthur at ten times those sustained by the Russians.

The same message contains an incredible story of demoralisation among the besieging troops, and can only be accepted with extreme reservation.

LATEST FROM PORT ARTHUR.

Alleged Demoralisation of the Japanese
Troops.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—The correspondent of the "Birzheviya Vedomosti" telegraphs from Chifu under yesterday's date:—

"According to trustworthy information Dalny is filled with wounded Japanese.

"The Japanese admit that for every Russian killed in the recent assault on Port Arthur ten Japanese perished.

"The Japanese troops which have taken part in the assaults are being sent to the Manchurian army owing to their deplorable lack of morale, and are being replaced by fresh troops. Those who took part in the previous assaults refuse, notwithstanding their fanaticism, to make another attack.

"The Japanese attempt to explain the resistance of Port Arthur by the assistance and connivance of the Chinese."—Reuter.

ANOTHER ADVANCE.

Japanese Centre Said To Be Assuming
Offensive Once More.

PARIS, Tuesday.—The following message of today's date appears in the "Petit Journal":—

"Private telegrams from Mukden say that the Japanese centre has resumed the offensive. All the enemy's forces have been advancing since yesterday.

"At many points there are hardly three-quarters of a mile between the combatants."—Reuter.

JAPANESE LOSSES 15,879.

TOKIO, Tuesday.—Marshal Oyama reports that the total Japanese casualties in the battle of the Sha-ho were 15,879 officers and men killed, wounded, and missing.—Reuter.

ADMIRAL ALEXIEFF AGAIN RECALLED.

PARIS, Tuesday.—The "Echo de Paris" states that the recall of Admiral Alexieff from the Viceroyship of the Far East has been decided upon.—Exchange Company.

HOSE AT THE WINDOW.

Active Resister Gives Corporation
Workmen an Unwelcome Bath.

The extraordinary spectacle of a corporation engineer and a dozen workmen being drenched with water from a hose and struggling to work under the shower was seen at Scarborough yesterday.

For a year legal actions have been proceeding between Mr. James had erected an unsightly boarding by the foreshore on ground he maintained was his.

The corporation disputed his right, and finally won. The Courts ordered Mr. James to remove the boarding, which he did on Monday.

But as he refused to remove two old boats and other lumber which obstructed the footway the corporation engineer was yesterday instructed to remove them.

Aided by workmen, he proceeded to do so, but before they had been at work many minutes Mr. James appeared at the second-floor window of his house with a garden hose.

"You would look all the better for a bath," he remarked to the men below, and then turned the hose upon them.

Undaunted, the engineer again led his men to the attack, and they finished their work with the hose playing upon them.

LAST OF THE REGIMENT.

Demented Officer Counts His
Company's Corpses.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—A harrowing scene on the battlefield of Liao-yang is reported by the Siberian newspapers.

Owing to a surprise by Japanese hidden in the millet, nearly 2,000 men in one regiment were killed and wounded. Of six companies, only two or three men escaped unhurt. The company of Captain Sch— was absolutely annihilated, he himself, slightly wounded, being the only man to leave the field. His men had been mowed down in a mass, falling like sheaves.

That night Sch— disappeared; and as his queer manner had been noticed, a brother officer went in search of him. He found him on the fatal road where the unburied corpses lay, neither Japs nor Russians daring to approach.

Sch— sat on a stone. Before him in a series of little heaps lay his company, including two young lieutenants. "Get up," he was shouting. "What do my men mean by this cowardice. I do not lie down in the face of the enemy."

He caught him by the arm, but Sch— shook him off. "I won't stand boots like these," he continued, saying. "Sergeant Manin, see these men get boots! Are you all there, men? Fall in! One, two, three, four—we have seventy men left, and there will be a big fight to-morrow..."

And the unfortunate officer who had survived in madness the loss of all his brave soldiers continued to count the corpses as living men, and had finally to be taken to camp by force.

GAS BEATS ELECTRICITY.

How Kingsway and Aldwych Are To
Be Lighted.

Many will be surprised to learn that Kingsway and Aldwych, London's two new thoroughfares, are not to be lighted by electricity, but by gas.

The gas company will supply the lamps, which are to be of 900 candle-power, for 433 75, bid per annum per lamp, whereas electric arc lights but a very little more powerful would each cost over 420 per annum. Therefore, incandescent gas lamps will be used.

To experts there is nothing surprising in this decision. Incandescent gas lighting has been so much improved of late years that it is driving electricity out of the streets. In many parts of the City it has superseded the arc light, and even in districts such as Islington, Shoreditch, and Southwark, where the borough councils have electric lighting undertakings, it has been making headway against its electric rival.

RAG-SORTER'S ROMANCE.

Husband Who Deserted Her Thirty
Years Ago Leaves a Fortune.

Yesterday Mrs. Niall, an ancient dame who was recently in receipt of parish relief, left Dover for Australia, where there is a fortune awaiting her.

Over thirty years ago, while Mrs. Niall was living in Australia, her husband left her, taking with him their only son, then a baby.

Friendless and poor, she came home to her relatives in England. During many years she worked as a rag-sorter, but a few months ago her health broke down and she had to accept assistance from the parish.

Then news of a change of fortune came. Her husband, who had grown rich, died, and the son, anxious that his mother should share in the money, advised for her in English papers.

This was pointed out to Mrs. Niall, and she left for Melbourne yesterday amid a chorus of congratulations from her humble friends.

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S TRIBUTE.

Yesterday the bodies of May Tchiroff, aged six, and Robert Tchiroff, aged twelve, who were burnt to death at the fatal fire at 107, Judd-street, King's Cross, were buried at Hendon Park Cemetery, Mill Hill.

There was a large crowd of persons in Union-street to witness the departure of the funeral procession. In Judd-street all of the schoolfellows of the dead children were drawn up on either side of the street, and as the hearse approached they laid wreaths upon it.

One was from "the teachers and scholars of Manchester-street Board School, 'In remembrance,'" and another from the infants' school at which the little girl May was a pupil.

£1,000 MOTOR DESTROYED.

Mr. Harry North, of Lemon Well, Eltham, son of the late Colonel North, the Nitrate King, had a valuable electric motor-brougham destroyed by fire last night, caused by defective mechanism.

The brougham was one generating its own electricity, and cost £1,000. A number of working mechanical models, of which Mr. North has a valuable collection, were also damaged.

FLYING THROUGH MIST.

Successful Night Journey of
French Airship.

The airship La Jaune, the property of M. Lebaudy, has just made a remarkably successful night journey in the valley of the Seine.

Starting from Moisson at one o'clock in the morning the ship, carrying four passengers, travelled over twenty miles, and returned to its starting-point without a hitch of any kind.

"It was the most weird journey I have ever made," says Mr. Farman, the well-known motorist, who formed one of the crew. "The huge, cigar-shaped vessel was brought out into the open by the light of the moon, which shone dimly through the heavy mist."

"Alot there was a strong wind, so we kept about fifty yards from the ground. The mist was so heavy that we could not see the earth, and occasionally the top of a large tree loomed up unexpectedly in our path as we sailed along, but our vessel was completely under control, and we had no difficulties with them."

"Save for the moon, which looked at us out of the mist with a dazed sort of air, there was nothing else to behold."

"The lights below had not the power to penetrate the mist, and the sound of the engine, with the exception of those of our harbour, which was lighted by many hundred lamps so that we could not fail to find our way home."

The vessel made her journey over a course like a figure of eight, and returned home without difficulty. Other trips will shortly be made from Rouen.

FREE KIRK WINDFALL.

Scottish Ecclesiastical Dispute Turns
Now to a Bequest.

The large bequest made by Mr. Peter McKinnon to the Free Church of Scotland will form the basis of an important point arising out of the existing dispute known as the Wee versus Free Kirk war.

Mr. McKinnon was a loyal supporter of the United Free Church, the unusual body, and the whole question of the bequest was discussed at a meeting of the United Free Church Committee yesterday at Edinburgh.

Mr. McKinnon's will is dated three years before the union, and besides a specific bequest of £25,000 Mr. McKinnon bequeathed to the Free Church one third of the residue of his estate.

The third will amount to about £100,000, and is directed to be applied for the purpose of Free Church missions in South Africa.

The legal Free Church will no doubt lay claim to the bequest, but the United will contest their right.

ENGLAND'S SUBMARINES.

Many More Being Built for the
Channel and Mediterranean.

Considerable additions are to be made to the British submarine flotilla, and a number of new boats will be included in the new naval program.

It is said that the Admiralty have arrived at this decision in consequence of the success of the experiments which have been carried out this year under Captain R. H. S. Bacon, D.S.O., the inspecting captain of the submarine flotilla.

Nine boats are now in service at Portsmouth, and ten are being built, one being of a special secret design. In the following twelve months a further batch of ten should be finished, and by April, 1905, there will be twenty-nine submarines ready for duty.

Captain Bacon has been transferred to the Admiralty, where he will continue his study of submarine warfare, and evolve a scheme for establishing submarine depots along the English Channel and in the Mediterranean. His place will be taken at Portsmouth by Captain Edgar Lees.

FIRE IN AN EDINBURGH THEATRE.

While Mr. Martin Harvey's company was rehearsing the "Breed of Treshams" in the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, yesterday there was a cry of fire, and smoke was seen issuing from between the boards of the stage.

The alarmed actors and actresses hastily left the theatre. It was then discovered that a quantity of shavings and loose wood beneath the stage were blazing. The fire brigade were hastily summoned, but before they arrived the theatre staff had subdued the flames.

MR. DAN LENO'S ILLNESS.

Although Mr. Dan Leno is unfortunately not appearing in public at present, there was happily every reason to believe that Londoners will see their favourite comedian in the next pantomime at Drury Lane.

Miss Florence Nightingale desires to express her thanks for the numerous congratulations which she has received in connection with the jubilee of her departure for the Crimea.

FROCKS AND BILLS.

Famous Dressmakers Sue
an Elegant Dame.

SIXTY-FIVE GUINEA GOWN.

How much ought the mistress of a house which has been hired from a marquis to pay for her dinner dress?

How much ought she to pay for a petticoat when her residence is hired from a lord?

If her very rich husband suddenly "goes bankrupt," and leaves her, ought she, or her husband, to be responsible for paying the fashionable costumiers who manufactured the garments to suit the house?

These were some of the difficult, delicate questions submitted to a special jury yesterday in Mr. Justice Lawrence's Court. The jury found the last question too much for them, and disagreed. The plaintiffs in the case were Messrs. Paquin and Co., of Dover-street; the defendant, Mrs. May Holden, a vivacious, beautiful brunette. Mrs. Holden, so Paquins said, in May and June last year purchased some very elegant articles of wearing apparel, the price of which was £420.

Her Husband's Duty.

This sum Mrs. Holden would not pay, contending that she was dressing up to the high standard of her husband's establishment, East Hampstead Park, near Wokingham, "an immense mansion" hired from Lord Downshire, and that it was her husband's duty to pay for the dresses that matched his house.

Mrs. Holden had ordered from Paquin's the following creatures, besides other articles:—

A gold-spangled gown, value 65 guineas.

A blue velvet costume, value 30 guineas.

Several costumes of value ranging from 25 to 30 guineas.

A petticoat that cost 13 guineas.

If financial disaster had not overtaken Mr. Holden in such a dramatic manner the bill would have been paid, counsel said, without any question, but in July of last year, just after the bill was incurred, Mr. Holden failed, with liabilities amounting to £100,000.

Mrs. Holden said she was married in 1892, and lived with her husband "in great style."

How great the style was is shown by the following list of houses at which the pair resided:—

Draycott Place, Preston Hall, Eastwell Park (belonging to Lord Gerard), East Hampstead Park (belonging to Lord Downshire), a house in Cadogan-gardens, and the Carlton Hotel.

Gowns To Match Houses.

At each of these Mrs. Holden wore gowns to match the place, procuring them from Lucile's and Paquin's, and in one year spending £48,000, which, however, was not all devoted to clothes. Her husband used to write her out cheques, she explained, and she had no idea what the total amounted to.

For her ordeal in the witness-box she was daintily attired in a costume suggestive of delicate autumnal shades. A bunch of violets was pinned to her bosom, and glittering diamonds were displayed on her fair hands.

Mr. Eldon Banks, when he cross-examined Mr. MacCormac, manager at Paquin's, inquired whether the firm did not ascertain the matrimonial status of their lady customers.

The manager answered that they did not ask whether the ladies had husbands living or were widows. (Loud laughter.)

Both sides declined to accept a "majority verdict" before the frock-puzzled jury were discharged.

DOWRIES FOR POOR BRIDES.

Curious Windsor Awards for Good
and Faithful Service.

Two happy prospective brides of Windsor have just been presented with dowries by the borough.

One of the charities of the royal borough has the special object of providing marriage portions, and the trustees have met to choose recipients of these dowries, with the result that £15 each has been awarded to Clarissa Paveley and Lizzie Smith.

These annual gifts are hedged about with conditions. Applicants must be not less than eighteen years of age, have been born in the borough of New Windsor of parents who are members of the Church of England, and candidates must have served one master or mistress for three years at least.

The chief object of the benefactor who left the money for these dowries was to reward faithful service.

HANDLED OVER THE KNIFE.

On a charge of stabbing Richard Williams, mate of the British ship, Earl Dunraven, on the high seas, when a few days from Newcastle, N.S.W., Peter Bruno, an Italian sailor, was committed for trial at Cardiff yesterday.

It was said that, after stabbing the mate, Bruno calmly handed the knife to the captain.

DETECTIVE DRAMA.

Defendants in the Slater Case on Trial.

SCENES AT THE OLD BAILEY.

Before a large audience at the Old Bailey the curtain was rung up yesterday upon the final act of the strange Slater detective drama, which for very many months has engaged the public notice.

Upon the bench sat the youthful-looking Mr. Justice Darling, his scarlet robes giving a welcome splash of colour to a sombre scene.

Beneath him, packed tightly together, were rows of bewigged barristers, a black gentleman, who some time since joined the English Bar, being conspicuous amongst their number.

Sir Edward Carson, with pale, keen face, who, as Solicitor-General, appeared for the Crown, sat in the corner seat.

Among well-known counsel engaged in the case are Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., Mr. R. D. Muir, Mr. C. Mathews, and Mr. Bodkin.

The Six Prisoners.

The six prisoners made an imposing show in the dock. Their names were:—

Albert Osborn, solicitor.

Henry Scott (alias Henry Slater), fifty-five, the founder of Slater's Detective Agency.

George Philip Henry, forty-three, inquiry agent.

Frederick Stanley Davies, thirty-nine, inquiry agent.

John Pracey (alias John Bray), thirty-two, inquiry agent.

Cyril Broughton Smith, thirty-five, no occupation.

They were all indicted for "conspiring between September 20, 1901, and April 22, 1904, to pervert the course of justice, and to procure a decree for the dissolution of the marriage of Kate Pollard with Thomas Pollard."

Osborn was also charged with making the girl, Maud Goodman, give false evidence in the divorce proceedings. All six pleaded "not guilty."

"Slater" and His Manager.

Scott, who ensconced himself in a corner, surveyed the scene through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. He is a man of large frame, of somewhat heavy build, with dark hair and a moustache. Henry, who was manager of the Slater agency, has the appearance of a typical detective—a keen face, a slight moustache, a muscular frame, and is of somewhat similar appearance. Pracey is clean-shaven, and would pass for an actor.

Davies, a man of rather heavy build, seemed to take the liveliest interest in the proceedings. Behind the others sat the solicitor Osborn, his somewhat drawn features strongly reminiscent of Cecil Rhodes and prominent Roman nose distinguishing him from the rest.

In low, conversational tones the Solicitor-General, leaning against the brass railings of the clerk's table, unfolded the story of the prosecution, occasionally pausing to sip the tumbler of water beside him.

Sequel to the King's Proctor's Action.

Counsel elaborated the history of the case, which has become familiar through the proceedings in the Divorce Court and in Bow-street. He showed how, in November, 1903, Mrs. Kate Pollard was granted a decree nisi in the Divorce Court, Maud Goodman asserting in the witness-box that she had been guilty of misconduct with Thomas Pollard.

He detailed the circumstances of the King's Proctor's subsequent intervention, which resulted in the annulment of the decree. The present prosecution provided the sequel to this intervention.

Sir Edward stated that the expense of procuring evidence in Mrs. Pollard's undefended suit was £2,890—£2,290 of which went into Slater's pocket, while £600 was paid to Osborn.

The detectives' tales to Plymou and Jersey with the alleged object of implicating Pollard were exhaustively detailed, Sir E. Carson's speech occupying the whole day.

The hearing will be continued to-day.

PARTED FOR TEN YEARS.

Sir Frank Swettenham Ordered to Return to His Wife.

Lady Swettenham, wife of Sir Frank Swettenham, who holds a high Government position in the East, caused much subdued excitement among the female habitués of the Divorce Court yesterday by appearing in the witness box as a petitioner for "restitution of conjugal rights."

Her ladyship taking a seat that was provided for her, and having constant recourse to a bottle of smelling salts, told the following story:—

She was married to Sir Frank at Singapore in 1878, but after a time found that the climate was affecting her health. She accordingly, with her husband's consent, returned to England in 1894. There, to her grief, although he had visited this country on several occasions, he had never come to see her.

Last January he went so far as to file a petition for divorce against her, but as he was unable to furnish particulars of his charges the petition was dismissed before coming into court.

Before filing the petition for "restitution" she wrote a letter entreating her husband to return to her. In this letter she said:

Dear Frank,—I must tell you how much I have suffered by your conduct. Why are you always so hostile to me? I wish to do my duty, and bear no resentment to you. I wish to let bygones be bygones, and pray you to return to me. If you do I will do all I can to make you happy.

The Court ordered Sir Frank Swettenham to return to her within fourteen days, after Lady Swettenham had given an emphatic denial to the charges her husband had made against her.

CUSTODY OF DEAD DOGS.

Mr. Plowden Pokes Fun at Police Reports of Street "Occurrences."

Mr. Plowden poked fun yesterday at the "regulation" instructing the police to report all street "occurrences."

Captain Ward Jackson, of Old Burlington-street, W., after running down a collie dog at Notting Hill with his motor-car refused, according to a constable, to show his licence.

"What did you want it for?" asked Mr. Plowden. "I have to report all such occurrences," replied the constable.

"The death of a cat in the street is an occurrence to the police, I suppose," was the magistrate's comment.

Captain Jackson denied that the constable asked him for his licence.

Mr. Plowden observed that the whole affair hinged on the unhappy decease of the dog. The defendant's version of the affair was corroborated by a lady, who could not conceivably bear any great regard for the slayer of her pet, and, therefore, the weight of evidence being all in his favour, the summons was dismissed.

POTTER'S DOUBLE LIFE.

Burglar's Confederate Who Earned an Honest Living by Day.

As an industrious workman for many years at a well-known Lambeth pottery, Thomas Ainsworth had earned the regard of his employers, who looked upon him as a most respectable man.

But it was shown at Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday that he had been leading a double life.

The police had suspicions that he had been receiving stolen goods, and a watch was kept on his movements when his labours of the day were finished. It was discovered that he was in close association with thieves and burglars and lent them money.

His house in Vauxhall-walk, Vauxhall, was raided, and an assortment of valuable property, the proceeds of burglaries and robberies in London, was seized.

He was sentenced to nine months' hard labour.

STOLE TO BEAUTIFY HIS HOME.

Giving way to expensive habits, a Battersea Borough Council rate-collector embezzled money, most of which he spent on buying articles to make his house beautiful.

The South Western Police Court magistrate, in consideration of the prisoner's poor state of health, yesterday sentenced him to only six weeks' imprisonment in the second division.

COOK UNDER THE TABLE.

Shortly after midnight yesterday the son of the occupier of No. 20, Prince's-square, Bayswater, heard suspicious noises in the house. With a policeman he searched the basement, and in the servants' sitting-room discovered a man named Walter Smith hid under the sofa and the cook under the table.

To the Marylebone magistrate Smith said the cook was his wife, but it was stated that she said she was single when applying for the situation. The magistrate ordered Smith to be bound over.

ANARCHIST AS PRIEST.

Robbing Churches in Clerical Disguise.

To disarm suspicion George Morrell, an Italian, who was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour at Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday for rifling almshouses in London churches, disguised himself as a priest, wearing an Inverness cloak and a waistcoat of clerical cut.

Morrell is, according to the police, an Anarchist, and has been a pest to the neighbourhoods of Kensington, Notting Hill, and Marylebone.

Miss Stedman, daughter of the attendant at the Catholic Apostolic Church, Maida Vale, stated in the witness-box that the prisoner presented himself at the church looking like a priest, and went in and knelt down in the back row of the pews.

Afterwards he went to the offertory-boxes and inserted a piece of whalebone covered with a sticky substance and attempted to extract coins.

He pleaded guilty when brought up at the sessions yesterday.

BEHIND A CLOSED DOOR.

Prosecution's Case Against Miss Farmer's Alleged Murderers.

A brief sketch of the case for the prosecution against the two men—Conrad Donovan and Charles Wade—who are alleged to have been concerned in the murder of Miss Emily Farmer, at her shop in Commercial-road, was given at the Thames Police Court yesterday by Mr. Lewis, instructed by the Treasury.

It would be shown, he said, that Miss Farmer was wearing jewellery on the night previous to her death, but that after the occurrence no trace of any could be found.

On the morning of the murder Miss Farmer, as was her habit, took in her parcel of newspapers at 5.45. The shop door was left open.

But when, at 6.20, Constable James, as was his habit, went to purchase a paper he found the door closed.

Mr. Lewis then referred to the fact that the prisoners were seen leaving the shop, apparently reading newspapers. Between that time and the arrival, at 6.25, of the boy who worked for Miss Farmer no other person was seen to enter or leave the shop.

The doctor's theory, he added, was that there must have been at least two assailants.

The case was adjourned for a week.

WORTHY OF THEIR HIRE.

Doctors Entitled to Charge Highly for Rich Men's Death-Bed Comforts.

"No body of men work harder for their money than country practitioners," remarked Mr. Justice Grantham yesterday in summing up a case in which two doctors of Shaftesbury, Dorset, sought to recover £297 from the executors of the late Mr. Joseph Park, a very wealthy gentleman.

One of the plaintiffs, Dr. Walker, said that during the last eight nights of Mr. Park's life he sat up with him, at that gentleman's special request, and a charge of ten guineas a night was made. He had to give up his ordinary practice to do it.

Before the end came Mr. Park's comfort was his comfort was more to him than all his money, and he suggested leaving the doctor a legacy; but the witness would not hear of it. The doctor was in attendance for six weeks.

The Judge said he knew no better manner in which a rich man could spend his money than in paying lavishly for medical comfort. A doctor was entitled to charge a rich man highly for special attendance.

A verdict for the plaintiffs for the full amount claimed was returned.

TRUTH STRONGER THAN FICTION.

Mr. Plowden Discriminates Between Conflicting Stories.

In giving evidence against a newsagent summoned at West London yesterday for street beating a policeman said that he saw the defendant taking bets from men. One of the men had a newspaper in his hand.

Mr. Plowden: What newspaper was it—the "Christian World"?—It was a racing paper—I saw the times of races, 2.30, etc.

"Perhaps it was Bradshaw."

The defendant denied the charge altogether. He admitted he had once previously been convicted of street betting.

Mr. Plowden: The officer has told a string of lies?—He has made a mistake. Mr. Plowden observed that it was shocking that the defendant should try to fix an accusation of perjury on the constable. He had no doubt which of them was speaking the truth, and he fined the defendant 45s.

One of the best-known tradesmen in Watford, Mr. Thomas Kempton, who had been a grocer in the town for the past thirty years, committed suicide yesterday by hanging himself from a beam.

LOVE GROWN COLD.

Wife's Driving Tour in Her Husband's Absence.

CAPTAIN'S DIVORCE STORY.

Captain Lionel Charles Gostling Tufnell, of the East Surrey Regiment, was granted a divorce from his wife, Harriet Mabel Julie, yesterday by Mr. Justice Barnes.

After their marriage at West Brompton in 1889 Captain Tufnell and his wife lived at various places where his regiment was quartered until he went to South Africa in March, 1901, remaining there for exactly three years.

During her husband's absence Mrs. Tufnell took a house, "The Grange," at Twyford, Buckinghamshire, and it was her alleged conduct while she was living there that led him to bring a petition for divorce.

It appeared that shortly after Captain Tufnell left this country his wife was introduced to a Dr. Francis Oke Buckland, who frequently used to come to her house at Holly Mount, Powick. When she went to live at "The Grange" he used to stay there for a week at a time, and had a bedroom exactly opposite Mrs. Tufnell's.

The people in the village began to talk, and Dr. Buckland ceased his visits.

In his evidence, which had been taken on commission, Captain Tufnell stated that his wife wrote letters to him saying that she did not love him, and would not live with him again.

Driving Tour with the Doctor.

When he saw her on his return home she told him she meant to live the rest of her life alone.

Subsequently he again saw her, and told her he had received information as to her conduct with Dr. Buckland. She then acknowledged that she had been living with him, and that she had been out on a driving tour with him.

Other evidence was given that Dr. Buckland called Mrs. Tufnell "Maise," and she addressed him as "Francis," and called him "dear." When one of the servants said the village was talking about the visits, Mrs. Tufnell told the girl to say that Dr. Buckland was her cousin.

In granting a decree nisi, with costs, his Lordship gave Captain Tufnell the custody of

BELATED CONFESSION.

Wife's Regret at Withholding the Truth from Her Husband.

As the inn which he kept at Dalton-in-Furness proved unprofitable, Mr. William Park went to South Africa in 1894, leaving his wife in England.

In 1896 he received a letter from her, in which she said:—

I wish I had told the truth at first. Will, I have not been true to you, but my sin has found me out. . . . I know this will be an awful blow to you.

The husband subsequently learnt that his wife had given birth to a son in October, 1896, and that a Mr. Isaac Sowden was providing for its maintenance. Yesterday, in the Divorce Court, Mr. Justice Barnes granted Mr. Park a decree nisi.

LOCKED IN A BURNING HOUSE.

Man Pluckily Rescues His Neighbour's Two Children.

A terrible home-coming awaited Mrs. Archibald Dobbs, at Bozeat, near Northampton.

She found her house on fire with her two children locked inside. A neighbour, named William Henry Dickens, pluckily broke open the door, and, rushing through the flames and smoke, rescued the elder child alive.

Returning again to the house he found the younger child terribly burnt about the body, and it died as he was carrying it from the house.

At the inquest yesterday the coroner and jury congratulated Mr. Dickens on his heroism.

Immense Reduction.

V. SAMUEL & CO.'S

CELEBRATED LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

GUINEA KEYLESS WATCHES.

REAL SILVER.

REDUCED TO 10/6

THREE YEARS' GUARANTEE.

SPLENDID TIMEKEEPERS.

THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN SOLD.

26, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C. (N. Bank).

SENT POST FREE.



MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children, while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by all Chemists at 1/4 per bottle.

NEWS IN BRIEF FROM ALL PARTS.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left Edinburgh yesterday for London.

During September 530,000 tons of coal were imported from Germany from England.

Another attempt is to be made to raise a second battalion of Irish Guards. The first battalion is now above strength.

Addressing a temperance meeting, Mr. Knott, the Chief Constable of Dover, stated that over fifty per cent. of his force, including himself, are total abstainers.

DEGREE FOR AMERICAN.

Mr. G. T. Lapsley, of Hawaii, who was recently elected a Fellow of Trinity College, is to receive the degree of M.A. from Cambridge.

The Bishop of Madagascar and the Bishop-Elect of Brisbane are to be admitted D.D.s honoris causa.

CORONER CLAIMS THREEPENNY.

In order to call the attention of the Lambeth Borough Council to the bad lighting accommodation provided at the Lambeth Coroner's Court, Mr. John Trounbeck has written asking to be reimbursed the sum of 3d., which he has expended on candles.

DEATH OF A GREYHOUND OWNER.

Mr. Christopher Fawcett, elder brother of the famous partner who owned so many greyhounds, and who have played so great a part in many of the Waterloo Cup races, died at Durham yesterday.

Mr. Fawcett had been ill for some time past, and death was due to cancer. He was sixty-six years of age.

BURIED CHURCH TREASURE.

Church burglars some time ago broke into All Saints' Garrison Church, at Aldershot, and stole four altar vases and a brass font ever.

After being missing for several weeks, these have now been found buried in the sand at the foot of Caesar's Camp. A passing horse uncovered a vase, leaving the impression of its hoof, and a soldier afterwards found the articles.

"TIP" FROM THE BENCH.

Yesterday at Clerkenwell County Court a judgment summons case was called, but only the defendant appeared.

Judge Edge (to defendant): I shall strike it out. You are out, and get out of court quick before plain-depping me.

The defendant took the "tip," and left the court with a speed.

REMARKABLE TUBERS.

Some remarkable crops of potatoes of the Up-to-Date variety are being raised in Warwickshire and Leicestershire.

In the latter county Mr. Benjamin Shipman, a Ratby builder, unearthed a tuber thirteen inches in length which turned the scale at three pounds. At Westwood Heath, Warwickshire, a labourer in the employ of Mr. P. Timmins came across a root consisting of 105 tubers.

NOVEL ELECTIONEERING.

Mr. Charles Vergette, one of the candidates for the municipal election at Peterborough, has adopted a novel means of reaching the ears of his constituents.

He has spoken his address into a gramophone, and this is reproduced at the various social meetings, quail club, pig club, and Helpling-hand club suppers, at which most of the electioneering is done for municipal honours.

COLONY OF MERCY.

At Langho, near Blackburn, yesterday there was laid, by Dr. Rhodes, of Manchester, the foundation-stone of a new colony for epileptics.

The buildings, which will, when completed, accommodate 700 inmates, will cost £187,000, and the outlay is entered upon by a joint committee of Manchester and Chorley Unions.

The site, which is a beautiful one overlooking the valley of the Ribbles, cost over £13,000.

MISS CORELLI SCORCHING.

Like other would-be reformers, the practice of Miss Marie Corelli hardly conforms to her teaching.

Although she has satiated the craze for motor-ing, and twitted society with, flushing and fizzling all over the place, rushing here, there, and everywhere, creating infinite dust, smelling abominably, and looking uglier than the worst demons in Dante's "Inferno," she herself, "Motoring Illustrated" points out, has been seen in a scorching motor-car.

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL APPEAL.

The North-Eastern Hospital for Children, Hackney-road, Bethnal Green, in the midst of some of the poorest districts of London, is in danger of being compelled, through lack of sufficient support, to close half of its wards at the end of December.

All can realise the suffering that would be caused in this crowded neighbourhood by the withdrawal of any hospital accommodation, more especially at this time of unusual distress.

A special fund at Barclay's Bank has been opened by Lord Amherst of Hackney, to keep the hospital open.

Tokens are to be issued by the tramway department of the L.C.C. which will be accepted in payment of fares.

Cardiff County Council will invite the King to open the new dock and town hall next year, and also lay the foundation stone of the University College of South Wales.

The Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, together with the Marlborough House Chapel adjoining, will be reopened for divine service on Sunday next, the 30th inst.

The annual dinner of his Majesty's Judges, which was to have taken place at the Athenaeum Club on Monday evening, was postponed on account of the death, by accident, of Mr. Justice Phillimore's daughter.

THE LATE MR. INDERWICK.

At the opening of the proceedings of the Divorce Court yesterday Sir F. Jeune, who was supported by Mr. Justice Barnes, referred in feeling terms to the loss the Divorce Bar had sustained by the death of Mr. F. A. Inderwick.

His lordship said it was very difficult to express all they felt on the subject, but his great and strong personality would not allow his memory to grow dimmed by his absence. His peculiar ability combined wisdom, knowledge of the world, tact, and dexterity rather than eloquence, and he gave advice to his clients which they were almost always wise enough to follow, and which was to them an inestimable advantage.

FACILITIES FOR JURYMEN.

On a gentleman, named Wilson, of Leadenhall-street, complaining to the Judge of the City of London Court that he had come all the way from Scotland to attend a case which had been settled out of court, an important concession to the convenience of jurors was made from the bench.

Judge Langley Smith said he was always anxious to facilitate the attendance of jurors. If at any time a juror could not attend, or was out of town, and sent a letter to the court in time to get another jurymen, they would be excused. They would then be called upon to serve later on.

TEETOTAL MAYOR'S BANQUET.

In issuing his invitations for the annual mayoral banquet, Mr. H. T. Daniels, the Mayor of Stamford, who is a teetotaler, intimated that wines would not be provided, but could be ordered by the guests from the caterer.

The magistrates have, however, not seen their way to grant an occasional licence for the town hall, as the occasion is not a public dinner, but a private function.

The mayor must therefore either depart from his principles and supply the wine, or give a strictly teetotal banquet.

LAND COMMUNISM.

Speaking at Devonshire House, Bishopsgate, yesterday, on the question of land reform, Mr. J. H. Whitley, M.P., said that the land question was the main root cause of the poverty of the present day.

While trades unions and various reforms had raised wages they had also raised the rent-paying capacity of the people, and the landlords had taken a heavy toll of all social improvements.

Mr. Whitley advocated a return to ancient communal rights as the best means of remedying the evil.

HANDSOME OFFER TO SOUTHWARK.

The solicitors to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have written to the Southwark Borough Council offering a large piece of land in the rear of Liverpool-street, Walworth, as an open space, on condition that the local authority shall fence, plant, and maintain it as an open space for the benefit of the public.

The council will deal with the offer at the next meeting.

INSPECTOR OF CONSUMPTION.

Birmingham has led the way in health reform by appointing a special tuberculosis inspector to inquire into cases of consumption and advise on measures of safeguard.

It is stated that there are 4,000 victims of the dread malady in the city.

SELL YOUR SNAPSHOTS

TO THE

"DAILY MIRROR."

Professional photographers and amateurs who do good work are invited to send photographs of news events to the "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C. If accepted and published they will be liberally paid for.

The subjects selected must have some bearing upon the news of the day. They should be taken and dispatched to this office at the earliest moment and by the quickest available method. Pictures of news events which are some days old are of no use.

Photograph railway accidents, land-slides, shipwrecks, or anything of immediate human interest, and send it to the "Daily Mirror."

Paddington Council will on Monday next "beat the bounds" of the borough.

Thursday, November 17, has been fixed for the visit of the King of Portugal to the City.

Close by the General Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, is an alien barber, who refuses to shave politicians and postmen when in uniform.

For the Horsham by-election November 5 is fixed for the nomination of candidates, the 11th for the polling, and the following day for the announcement of the result.

PRESS CLUB GUESTS.

Captain Scott, of the Discovery; Mr. Lloyd-George, M.P.; Captain Robert Marshall, and Mr. W. Pett Ridge will be among the guests at the twenty-third annual dinner of the Press Club, which takes place at the Criterion Restaurant on Saturday next.

LIFE OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

Lord Rothschild has now handed over the papers and correspondence of Lord Beaconsfield to Mr. Monypenny for the purpose of compiling the life of that statesman.

This authorised and official biography is expected to be published in about two years.

EVENING SCHOOLS' POPULARITY.

At yesterday's meeting of the L.C.C. the Education Committee reported to the L.C.C. that the number of students enrolled in the evening schools this session was 79,818.

Last year the number was 6,019 less, the increase being at the rate of 8 per cent.

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION.

Lincolnshire County Council has original and eminently practical ideas in fostering technical education.

To provide a screen in carved oak for the parish church of Saxby All Saints, teachers were provided and tools lent, with the result that the village now boasts an expert class of wood-carvers.

NECESSITY FOR GARDEN CITIES.

In his lecture on garden cities at Owen's College Mr. Ralph Neville, K.C., urged the cry of "back to the land" was justified by the development of humanity.

To avoid the concentration of population in the towns was a question affecting our national existence. It was only by garden cities that social conditions necessary for raising an imperial race could be observed.

FATAL FIRE AT ABERDEEN.

At a fire which broke out in a tenement house at Woodside, Aberdeen, yesterday morning, William Mathieson, aged thirteen, and Mary Ann Mathieson, aged twenty-one, were terribly burned, and died shortly after removal to the Royal Infirmary.

Several other inmates of the house had narrow escapes, having to be removed in their night-dresses. The tenement, which was a small one, was entirely destroyed.

TRAMCAR IN FLAMES.

Londoners have been so frequently assured that the safeguards adopted on the County Council electrical tram leave no opening for accident that it is disquieting to find a car laden with passengers suddenly bursting into flames.

It was passing down the Old Kent-road at the time, and the passengers managed to alight without injury, but the fire brigade had to be called out before the fire, which was caused by a defective circuit, was extinguished.

SUPPRESSED CHAPTER.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have written to Mr. Arthur Lynch to inform him that they have entirely removed the chapter relating to him in the "Confessions of a Journalist," by Mr. Chris Healy.

This step has been taken in consequence of representations by Mr. Lynch that certain of the stories concerning him were without foundation, and that they had already been withdrawn, with expressions of regret, in the publications in which they first made their appearance.

OBJECT-LESSONS IN EMPIRE.

Many of the East End elementary school teachers are turning the Indian Exhibition now being held at the Whitechapel Art Gallery to excellent account by taking the children, boys and girls, to view the exhibits, and thus bringing home to them the wonderful artistic skill and mental ingenuity of our Oriental fellow-subjects.

The conductors of several higher grade schools throughout the metropolis, too, daily use the exhibition for a similar worthy use.

HUSBAND'S TASTE IN DRESS.

Mrs. Caroline Ashton, of Merlewood, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, has found that although a dress she had ordered from Messrs. A. Parker and Co., of Oxford-street, Manchester, did not meet her husband's taste, this was not sufficient reason for refusing to pay for it.

She told Judge Parry that when she walked out in the dress her husband made her go home and change it. For this ready compliance with his taste she was commended, but at the same time ordered to pay.

BEAUTY AND THE WALTZ.

Damsels Dance for Prizes and Perchance for Husbands.

The popularity of beauty shows does not wane with the approach of winter. The latest, and perhaps the largest ever held in London, took place last night under the management of Mr. W. F. Humdall at the Prince's Hall, Kennington.

The large hall had been beflagged, beribboned, and generally ornamented for dancing purposes. The competition consisted simply in dabbling a waltz before the critical eyes of the judges.

At 9.30 a bevy of beauteous damsels, seventy in number, glided gracefully into the mazes of a dreamy waltz.

The fair competitors were of all types, prizes being given for blondes, brunettes, and "intermediates." There were dark girls and fair girls, short girls and girls divinely tall, well-developed girls and girls of slender build. But one and all were beautiful and graceful enough to charm the eye.

Even the news of so much prospective beauty had done its work. Several amorous swains had written to Mr. W. F. Humdall, who gave the prizes, fifteen in all, begging for introductions to the lucky winners, and stating their intention of marrying them if so be they themselves found favour in the ladies' eyes.

Competitors had come from all over London, and even from Brighton and other places in the provinces. The only limitations were that they should be over eighteen, be dressed in high blues, and should not assist nature by applying artificial aids to their fair faces—"Nature unadorned is adorned the most."

The judges were members of the London Press. Their task was not an easy one in view of the generally high standard of beauty and the fact that grace and ease in dancing were to be taken into consideration as well as mere physical perfection.

The announcement of the result evoked loud cheering, and afterwards the happy few and their admiring friends danced till the midnight hour.

GAIETY OF THE AGE.

Bishop Denounces the Shameful Luxury and Indifference of the Rich.

The vices and follies of Churchmen and rich folk were strongly denounced by the Bishop of Croydon in the course of an address to men at St. Paul's Church, Covent-garden, yesterday.

In the first place, he said, the observance of the Sunday in this country was confessedly dying out, and the attendance at public worship was fast diminishing.

Coming to the sins of Churchmen and rich people, he said he regretted to see, especially among Churchmen an unwillingness to take any public office involving labour of any kind excepting for personal motives.

There was shameful luxury among the rich, and even in view of a very hard winter there seemed to be indifference to the needs of the poor and distressed, and the rich went on with their shamefully extravagant pleasures.

The increase of drunkenness among women, the disinclination of all classes to do honest work for an honest wage, and the attitude for gaming, whether it was the society woman with her perpetual "bridge," or the man with his horse racing, all pointed to the losing of the nation's hold upon religion.

HEROINES OF THE LAKE.

Awards for Bravery Nobly Won by Two Young Ladies.

Gallantly won were the silver medal and resuscitation certificate that have been awarded by the Humane Society respectively to Miss Daphne Milman and Miss R. Milman, daughters of the late Sir A. Milman, clerk to the House of Commons, for their courageous action on September 20.

The Misses Milman and Miss D. F. Richmond were visiting Windermere, and bathing from a boat in the Windermere Lake.

Miss Richmond, being a poor swimmer, had a rope, and this was accidentally let go by Miss R. Milman, who remained on the bank, with the result that she lost her nerve and began to sink.

Miss D. Milman swam to her help, only to be clutched, and both went under. An oar was thrown from the boat, but was insufficient to support both.

Becoming exhausted, and seeing the boat drifting away, she swam to shore, sixty yards distant, and, taking another boat, rowed out to her sister, who got into it, and both then went to where Miss Richmond had disappeared.

Miss D. Milman jumped in, and finding her friend under water brought her up, and she was got into the boat.

Both girls then began using artificial respiration, but it was three-quarters of an hour before any sign of life appeared. Further help came, and all three were got safely to land.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
 Offices of the Daily Mirror are—
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Telephones: 1310 and 1310 Helios.
 The West End Office of the Daily Mirror are—
 45 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
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 TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflex," London.
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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1904.

THE GUILTY MUST GO.

THE whole civilised world cries out with one voice against the commander of the Baltic Fleet. There is no sympathy anywhere with those who were responsible for the midnight outrage upon helpless fishing-smacks. Europe is unanimous in demanding their dismissal, and the New World echoes back even more loudly (as its custom is) the indignation of the Old.

It is not as if a mere error of judgment had been committed. We have not to deal with a simple "mistake." If the Russian gunners, after opening fire in sudden panic, had ceased immediately they saw what they were firing at, and done what they could to repair their folly, then the case would be different. Britons would be the last to press for the severe punishment of men who had merely blundered.

But the more one thinks about this amazing episode, the more difficult it becomes to believe that there was not an element of crime in it as well as a hideous blunder. The firing lasted, recollect, for twenty minutes; and it was not firing from a single ship, but from many ships. The formation of the Fleet was regulated by signal. So, apparently, were the actions of the men behind the guns.

Who gave those signals? Obviously the officer in command. Now, of two things one: Either that officer failed to see that he was firing on fishing-boats, or else he saw it and went on firing out of pure devility.

To anyone who has ever been at sea it is incredible that a seaman in a responsible position should not know the lights of a fishing-boat fleet as soon as he set eyes upon them. But in this case it was not only the boats' lights which showed their harmless nature. The Russian vessels played their searchlights upon them; and with a glass an object which is under a searchlight can be seen at midnight as plainly as at mid-day.

How, then, was it possible for the misapprehension to last twenty minutes?

If the Russian officers did see the fishers' lights, then we can only assume that they became temporarily insane. In Russia there has been much talk lately about the "accursed English." Perhaps this affected their minds. Perhaps they said to themselves: "They are only accused Englishmen. Let 'em have it."

Whichever hypothesis be correct—incredible carelessness or devilish cruelty—we have a right to ask that such men shall no longer be allowed upon the high seas in command of ships. Neither our self-respect nor our regard for the future security of British lives will allow us to be satisfied with anything short of this.

THE UNLUCKY ADMIRAL.

(With apologies to the shade of Lewis Carroll.)

He thought he saw the Japanese
 (His glass was rather dull);
 He looked again, and found it was
 The fishing fleet from Hull.
 "Let us get quick away," he said,
 "We've made a pretty mull."

He thought he heard a mild complaint
 Proceeding from the shore;
 He harked again, and lo! it came
 The British Lion's roar.
 "If this beast comes aboard," he said,
 "I shall be seen no more."

He thought he saw a telegram,
 His Emperor's "Well done";
 He looked again, and found it read:
 "You fool! What have you done?"
 "He cannot see a joke," he said,
 "He has no sense of fun."

H. A. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If you go below the surface of Russian life in the Far East there is a rottenness and a hollowness which is not reassuring for those who hope great things of Russia. From "Manchu and Muscovite," by B. L. Putnam Weale.

NOT TO BE TRUSTED
WITH A GUN

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

COLONEL HARDING, who has been injured in a fight with no fewer than nine lions, which attacked him on the African veld, is a man of known bravery, and it is just what one would have expected that he killed several of them. It was during the Matabele war that he first came into prominence. The natives were in the habit of assembling in caves, which could only be forced by the use of dynamite.

On one occasion, just after he had placed a charge of dynamite at the entrance of one of these caves, he heard the cry of a child inside. The British troops were not fighting against women and children, so, without a thought for himself, Colonel Harding dashed into the cave and escaped with the child only just before the dynamite did its work. He was only a lieutenant in those days, but he soon rose.

One would not be surprised to hear that any other Bishop had resolved to retire at the age of eighty-five, but what are a few years more or less to such a hale and hearty personage as Dr. Ellicott, the Bishop of Gloucester. To this day he rides a tricycle, and plays a good game of billiards, while he was almost seventy when he crossed a difficult

WHAT THE WORLD SAYS.

Universal Horror and Anger.

WHAT is to be thought of a commander capable of such a mistake, or of the discipline and training of a navy in which it could occur?—New York Times.

Russia's criminal blunder staggers the world.—New York Herald.

Monstrous and inexplicable—that is our opinion.—Berliner Neueste Nachrichten (German).

All European States share British indignation.—Zeit (Austrian).

The most heinous crime against International Law ever committed.—Nieuws Van den Dag (Dutch).

The Russians are victims of a mirage. They see enemies everywhere.—Soleil (French).

They must have been smitten with sudden madness caused by inexplicable panic.—Tribuna (Italian).

The Baltic Fleet has covered itself with ridicule and disgrace.—New York Evening Post.

If not recalled, the Baltic Fleet should be conveyed by British warships.—New York Evening Sun.

Russia cannot give any guarantee that the incident may not be repeated to-morrow.—Vossische Zeitung (German).

Such a gross blunder shows that the commander of the fleet is totally unfit for his position.—Independence (Belgian).

Their nervousness and inexperience are dangerous, not only to their own fleet, but to everybody else.—Matin (French).

Alpine glacier alone in a snowstorm, and at dinner the same evening treated his feat as a mere joke.

He is supposed to possess a gold badge which entitles him to travel free on any railway in England. This is rather an exaggeration, however. What he does possess is a silver badge available on the Great Eastern Railway between London and Cambridge. It was presented to him in recognition of the bravery with which he administered spiritual consolation to a victim of a railway accident, although both his own legs had been broken, too.

On the top of Mr. Dan Leno's comical dispute with Miss Maggie Duggan, comes the news that the "King's Jester" is once more laid up. The story of his early life is quite enough to account for a wrecked constitution. Tramping day after day in snow and shine, with hardly a farthing with which to buy food—a life so hard that the finding of a shilling on the road was once practically salvation to his father, mother, and himself—would have broken up weaker constitutions than his many years ago.

Now that he has achieved fame he can criticize audiences, from the King himself to the lowest shun-dweller. One story he tells is delightful. When appearing at a house in Port-lane, and while on the way back to his dressing-room, he got into conversation with a very young peer. The latter told Mr. Leno in his most approved drawl that some of his sayings had been really rather funny.

"Especially that one, you know," he volunteered, "when your wife made a pancake on a gridiron, and the pancake slipped through and put the fire out. That made me laugh awfully, because I know what a gridiron is. I have seen one." No wonder Mr. Leno has no great love for appearing before "smart society," where more than half his jests are not understood.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

WHEN He said, "It is hard to keep a secret," and she said, "Is it?" he became thoughtful, and shortly afterwards left.—Le Sourire, Paris.

Miss Footlight: Yes, I've got a lovely new play for this season.

Miss Soufrette: What is it?

Miss Footlight: A society drama in four acts and five new gowns.—Topika State Journal.

"What is the matter with mr. doctor?"
 "I'm not quite sure, but I'll tell your wife after the post-mortem."—Schau, St. Petersburg.

He: Do you remember your old school-friend, Sophy Smythe?

She: Yes, indeed, I do. A most absurd-looking thing. So silly, too! What became of her?

He: Oh, nothing. Only—I married her.—Punch.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who has just received a sad blow by the death of his sister, has played many parts in his time. He has been clerk, actor, journalist, schoolmaster, editor, playwright, theatrical manager, novelist, and always and at all times a humorist. Unlike many professional funny men, he does not confine his humour to his writing, though his wit is often very grim.

Not so very long ago, while London was discussing the ghastly details of the Chapman crime, someone said, "What an awful thing it would be to marry a man like that." "Yes," retorted Mr. Jerome, "a case of marry in haste and cement at leisure." By the way, few people know that his initial K stands for Klappa. No wonder he does not often use his full name.

Miss Florence St. John writes to tell me that I have considerably over-stated her early struggles. I am exceedingly sorry that I should have done so, but at the same time I am delighted to hear that I was wrong, and that she never found it necessary to sing in the streets. My mistake is, however, her own fault, for she is so terribly modest that it is hard to get at the true facts of her first steps up the ladder of success.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador.

THIS is a particularly trying time for him, and it is hard that he should have been hissed on his arrival in London as though he were responsible for the insane action of the Baltic Fleet. Like all Russian officials he is practically unapproachable on matters of State, but in private life he is a jovial and popular man with numberless friends.

He is possessed of an imposing appearance and an indescribably calm manner. Excitement is not included in his equipment.

More than common tall, lean flanked, and broad-shouldered, and with a pair of blazing eyes, he is not the man with whom anyone would care to take liberties.

What is left of his hair is white, and the short, legal-looking whiskers are white also. The dark moustache is rapidly silvering, too.

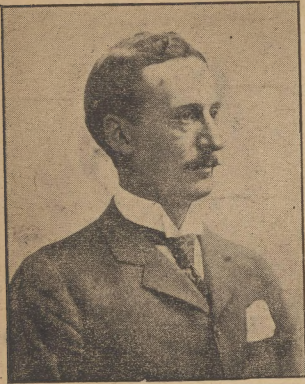
Like all educated Russians, he speaks English perfectly, which is lucky, for he has a great deal to say—except on political matters. His French is, if possible, better still.

One of the richest men in the Tsar's dominions, he has the wherewithal to indulge his tastes as a sportsman, and he is still an excellent shot, though he has given up hunting now. He still rides in the Row, however.

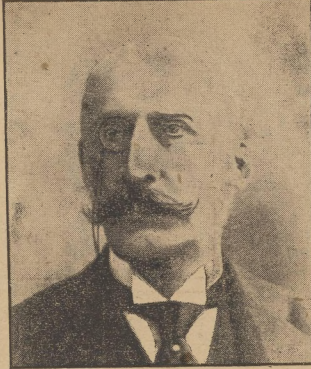
The war with Japan has a serious personal interest for him, as he has two sons at the front.

He himself would pass for an Englishman, even to the eyeglass, and is not insulted to be told so; but his wife has quite different tastes.

THE BRITISH DEMAND ON RUSSIA.

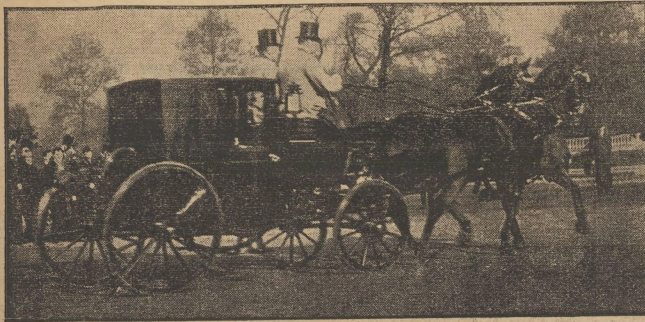


Sir Charles Hardinge, British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, who has presented Britain's demand for reparation to the Tsar's Government.—(Russell and Sons.)



Count Benckendorff, Russian Ambassador in London, who met Lord Lansdowne in conference yesterday at the Foreign Office on the question of the dastardly outrage of the Baltic Fleet.

CROWDS CHEERING THE KING YESTERDAY.



The crowd greeting his Majesty the King as he drove away from Buckingham Palace yesterday morning for Newmarket. The King's gracious message of sympathy and his donation of 200 guineas to the relatives of the unfortunate fishermen has so stirred the hearts of the people that a considerable crowd awaited the departure of his Majesty, and gave hearty cheers as he drove away.

SIR H. SEYMOUR KING, M.P. OLDEST BISHOP RESIGNING.



He is member of Parliament for Central Hull, and has been indefatigable in his efforts to obtain justice for his unfortunate constituents.



Dr. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester, who, it is announced, will shortly resign. He was born four years after Waterloo, and is the oldest prelate on the bench.—(Russell.)



The start for the novel juvenile bicycle race, which has just taken place, in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris. The competitors were all under twelve years of age, and the machines were wooden, without pedals or chains.

THE LATEST ACTUAL WAR PHOTO

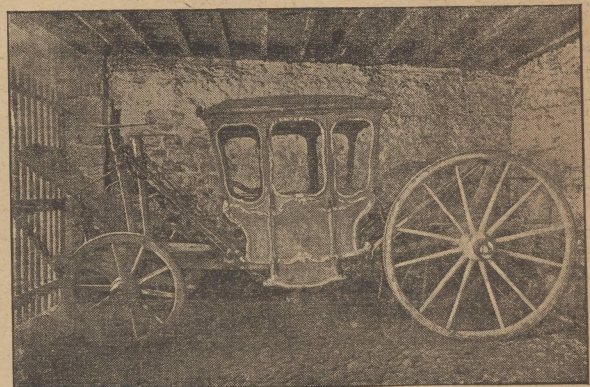


A Japanese soldier on guard on the scene of a great carnage, amid the relics of his dead comrades, fragments of clothing and lacerated harness strewn all over the battlefield.—(T. Ruddiman Johnston.)



Japanese wounded carried from the battlefield to a temporary hospital, where they are waiting to have their wounds dressed.—(T. Ruddiman Johnston, Tokio.)

A RELIC OF OTHER DAYS.



This old coach, the first that ran in Cornwall, and which for generations has been preserved at St. Erth, is shortly to be removed to the British Museum.—(Preston, Penzance.)

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PHOTOGRAPHS JUST ARRIVED FROM THE FAR EAST.

A POPULAR ACTRESS AND HER PET.



Some members of the Japanese staff watching the progress of a great battle from the summit of a neighbouring mountain.—(T. Ruddiman Johnston, Tokio.)



A pretty study, just taken, of Miss Marie Studholme.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

s. Note the
on. Tokio.)



The scene on the field after a big battle, showing the accoutrements and rifles collected after the removal of the dead soldiers.—(T. Ruddiman Johnston, Tokio.)

CARRYING ARMS AND AMMUNITION TO THE FIRING LINE.



Japanese Service Corps men hurrying small arms and ammunition to the front during a fight.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

MISS WINIFRED EMERY'S RETURN TO THE STAGE.

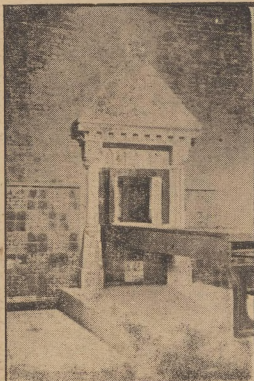
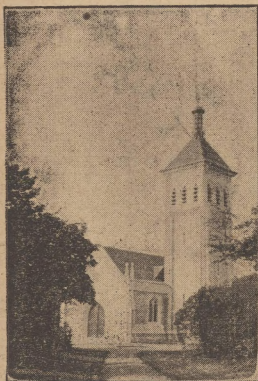


Miss Winifred Emery (Mrs. Cyril Maude) and her children. She has concluded an arrangement with Mr. Tree to appear in "Much Ado About Nothing" at His Majesty's Theatre early next year.—(Lafayette.)

OLDEST TURFITE.



CITY OF LONDON'S NEW CREMATORIUM.



The first photograph is of the exterior of the City of London's new crematorium at Ilford, which was opened yesterday. In the second picture is seen the catafalque on which the coffin is placed during the service at the crematorium.

on the left is Mr. George
oldest racing man on the
the Cambridgeshire thirty-
and has been running
for sixty-four years.

THIS WEEK'S NOVELS.

What to Order and What to Avoid at the Library.

LADY SYLVIA.

By Lucas Clervo. John Long. 6s.
Daisy Merrick is a country girl, daughter of a gardener, but foster-sister of a duchess. Consequently she dresses like a picture by Marcus Stone, wears a cherry ribbon round her neck, a lilac sun-umbrella on her head, and falls in love with a real-life lord and Guardsman. He, as is only to be expected, after making love to Daisy, proposes to her foster-sister, Lady Sylvia.

Complications naturally follow, including manslaughter, penal servitude, and two fresh lovers, who turn up in time to marry Daisy and Lady Sylvia in the last chapter.

THE LAST TRAITOR OF LONG ISLAND.

By Richard Henry Stave. P. V. White and Co. 6s.
A somewhat anomalous book in which the hero gradually turns into the villain. The plot of the story is woven round an incident in the American Civil War—the hero deserting from the Northern to the Southern forces in order to pursue his vengeance on a man who has wronged him. Under the spell of this quest he turns into, not only traitor, but a murderer several times over. All through the book there is only one character with whom one would care to shake hands.

THE WHITE LADY OF THE ZENANA.

By Dr. Helen Bouchier. Henry J. Drane. 6s.
Tells the adventures of an English girl who marries a Mahomedan, and goes out to India, only to find herself a captive in his Zenana. Of course, she escapes, but not till she has seen much that is not known to the ordinary European. The consciousness of the ordinary of the manners and thoughts of her companions in ghilci captivity are no less a revelation to her than they will be to readers of the book. They spend much of their ample leisure in purposely making the English girl blush at the sensuality and depravity, and then laugh at her.

A FLAME OF FIRE.

By Joseph Hocking. Cassell. 3s. 6d.
A spirited tale of a Stanley Weyman order. Three Cornishmen set out for Spain just before the time of the Spanish Armada on a double mission: First, to secure information of the Spaniards' preparations, and, secondly, to rescue an Englishwoman who is in the hands of the Inquisition. The hero falls in love with the half-Spanish daughter of this Englishwoman, and she, while waiting that she detects him, submits to the dominating qualities essential in a hero, saves his life, and marries him. Of course, this does not happen until after many wonderful escapes from grim and treacherous dens with black brigs and inordinately long rapiers, and from crafty and cruel inquisitors armed with worse instruments of torture.

SATAN'S COURIER, OR THE COMPANY PROMOTER.

By Flora Hayter. Jarrold and Sons. 6s.
The book modestly describes itself as "being the secret history of the events which led up to the Boer War." One has to take the author's word for it. The chief point of resemblance to what we have learnt to look upon as facts is that Mr. Chamberlain is spoken of by name, and President Kruger is called President Krugueiller. The principal woman character is a lady whose morals are not of a high order, and whose start in life would be deemed sensational even for the adventures of an imaginative modern. Another amiable character, known as the "White Witch," has "a silver bath, with gold taps, but in spite of this her life is hell." On the whole, "Satan's Courier" is not recommended.

THE AFFAIR AT THE INN.

By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Mary Fildes, Jane Fildes, and Allen McQuay. Gay and Bird. 3s. 6d.
A short book with four authors and enough good matter in it to make four ordinary books. It is written in the form of a series of diary extracts, by four chance acquaintances on a Dartmoor inn, each character being taken by one of the authors. Virginia Pomeroy, a high-spirited American girl, full of go and always on the look out for amusement, is one of the most delightful characters which have appeared for some time. Her surprise at the calm, superior airs of a young Briton, who says "What rot," and drives a motor, is as fascinating as the rest of her character. Virginia is dark and the motorist "doesn't like dark women; if you must have a woman about, I prefer pink and white—it looks clean, at any rate." Needless to say soon he changes his opinion.

TOO HASTY A DECISION.

Soon after he became Pope, Pius X. made it rule for the Roman Catholic Church that women should not be allowed to sing in choirs. This created a good deal of annoyance. Many Roman Catholic churches rely chiefly upon women for their musical services. Therefore, the Pope was told that in numbers of cases the carrying out of this order would mean the suppression of music altogether. Now his Holiness is about to "take back what he said," and to issue permits to all churches which cannot get boys' voices for soprano and contralto parts to engage women singers, as before.

INCIDENTS THAT HAVE LED TO WAR.

Small Causes Which Gave Birth to Great Events.

It seems incredible to many people that such an incident as the North Sea outrage—serious and painful as it is—should be liable to plunge two great nations into war. Yet wars have often appeared to break out for much more trifling causes. The war in which we lost the United States, for example, began because the citizens of Boston emptied a number of tea-chests into Boston Harbour. They objected to having their tea taxed for the benefit of England, and that was how they showed their resentment. Hostilities began at once. In 1803 Napoleon began the war which lasted till 1815 by taking his temper with Lord Whitworth, the English Envoy, who was carrying on negotiations with him.

THE CRIMEAN OUTBREAK.

In 1854 the question of the guardianship of the Holy Sepulchre in Palestine caused the Crimean war. France had it. Russia wanted it. France declared war, and we sent a messenger to ask the Russians to withdraw. The messenger rushed across Europe; he was not to wait for his answer more than six days. On the fifth day he was informed that the Russian Emperor had nothing to reply. A few days later an enormous crowd gathered in front of the Royal Exchange in London to see war pictures.

South Carolina began the North-and-South war in America (1861). While negotiations were in progress the North sent a ship to reinforce a garrison at Fort Sumter. The South Carolina secessionists saw the ship arriving and got into a fever of excitement. They thought it was a sign that hostilities had begun. They fired at the ship, bombarded the fort, and took all the men in the fort prisoners. This was easy, because the garrison was quite unprepared. The North was furious. The bombardment began the war.

The circumstances which brought about the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 were more complicated and more exciting. At the beginning of 1870 no one could have predicted war. Then suddenly the throne of Spain fell vacant, and was offered to, and accepted by, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern.

CAUSED BY HOT WEATHER.

At once France protested. Great excitement prevailed in Paris. The weather was unusually hot, and Parisians are always nervous in hot weather. So much fuss was made that on July 17 Leopold withdrew his candidature.

Now came the great French mistake. The Duc de Gramont, rendered unusually fiery by the July weather, got up and made a furiously anti-Prussian speech in the Chamber. The Press took the matter up; all Paris was in a fever. Finally it was decided that the French Government should require of Prussia a promise that the question should never be reopened.

The King of Prussia telegraphed to Bismarck relating this fresh request, and placing the matter in his hands. Bismarck was waiting. He read the telegram, got up from the table, condensed the Emperor's message so as to make the French insult to Germany seem more galling to Germans; and published it in the next morning's newspapers. After that war was inevitable.

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT, OCTOBER 25, 1415.

The Battle of Agincourt is one of the most glorious in English history. It takes its name from the little village in the north of France, where King Henry V. of England, with only 9,000 men, defeated about 50,000 French. According to some accounts 10,000 French were killed and 14,000 taken prisoners. The battle was practically one between the British yeoman, with his bow and pike, and the mail-clad chivalry of France.

Fair stood the wind for France

When we our sails advance,

Nor now to prove our chance

Longer will tarry;

But putting to the main,

At Caix, the mouth of Seine,

With all his martial train,

Landed King Henry.

And, turning to his men,

Quoth our brave Harry then,

"Though they be one to ten,

Be not amazed;

Yet have we well begun;

Battles so bravely won

Have ever to the sun

By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,

"This my full rest shall be:

England ne'er mourn for me

Nor more esteem me:

Victor I will remain,

Or on this earth be slain,

Never shall she sustain

Loss to redeem me."

They now to fight are gone,

Armour on armour shone,

Drum now to drum did groan,

To hear was wonder;

ECCENTRICITIES OF MUSICAL GENIUS.

Composer Who Pelted His Cook With Raw Eggs.

Kubelick, the violinist, who plays again on Friday, at Queen's Hall, grows more and more like Beethoven, but it is to be hoped he does not aim at imitating that great man's manner as well as his appearance.

According to an article in "Good Words" the composer used to frequent a particular cellar, where he spent the evening in a corner, drinking wine or beer, eating cheese and herrings, and studying the newspapers. One evening a person took a seat near him whose countenance did not please. He looked hard at the stranger and spat on the floor as if he had seen a toad; then glanced at the newspaper, and said to the intruder, and spat again: "his hair bristled gradually into more shaggy ferocity, till he closed the alternation of spitting and staring by fairly exclaiming, 'What a scoundrelly phiz!'" and rushed out of the room.

He used to be very fond of a certain soup which he made himself with ten eggs. One day he found that one of the eggs was bad. He had the cook up, and pelted her with the whole ten of them.

Handel was another composer of odd habits. He used to order dinner for several people, and then sit down to it by himself. When he was asked whether he would not wait for "the company," he would say in his German accent: "I am a composer!" and finish the whole dinner himself.

Chopin got inspiration for his famous Funeral March by hugging a skeleton to him, and sitting at the piano draped in a winding sheet.

THE "LONDON FACE."

American Countenances Are Even More Depressing.

In a book just published by a German, "The Land of the Future" (Williams and Norgate), the author is even more severe upon the American "city face" than was the foreigner who wrote on this page about the "London face."

Says Herr von Polenz:—

"While walking through the busiest quarters of New York or Chicago; observing the crowd, glancing at the weary, nervous, hard, and greedy faces of the men; seeing how vanity, hysteria, and frivolity mark their features; how one desperately destroys what the other badly builds up; how each seems to have only one thought: 'I first!'; and yet how all are deeply discontented, one might fancy the modern city was a mad-house; one might despair of a civilisation bearing so visibly the stamp of death, and one could only hope that such maimed forms should vanish as soon as possible from the surface of the globe."

A French writer, M. Jules Huret, who has also been giving his impressions of America, attributes this weary, discontented expression to the pace at which Americans live.

The crowd streaming over Brooklyn Bridge at the end of a day's work made the greatest impression on him. There is nothing more astounding, nothing more terrible, he exclaims. Everyone struggles and fights to get on the cars. It is a scene of shocking disorder. Women must struggle for places like the men.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

WHAT WE MUST HAVE.

Apologies and ample compensation with "hush money" can never staunch the blood nor still the righteous, passionate throb of England's breast. Whether it be ignorance, or cowardice, or defiance, we must have security against a repetition by the dismissal of all the officers in any way responsible.

If these Russian murderers are allowed to escape, we may expect to see even greater destruction by the Baltic Fleet.

GEO. R. ROBERTSON.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

I read with pleasure your leader under the above heading in Saturday's issue of the *Daily Mirror*, and may it induce others as it moves me to send a donation to the Salvation Army to help on the noble work.

But I don't know where to forward it. Can you help me?

ARTHUR T. JAMES.

7, Hambro-road, S.W.
[The chief offices of the Salvation Army are in Queen Victoria-street, E.C.—Ed., D. M.]

INSANITY IN THE AIR.

Your "Lethal Chambers for the Insane" shows you do not know some things which happen in the good City of London.

Do you or do you not know that there are those in the community who can send their voices or thoughts as voices to others whereby they become insane?

Some forms of insanity are clearly of this origin.

J. BARKER SMITH.

4, Holmdene-avenue, Home-hill.

THE LONDON FACE.

There is an interesting letter in this morning's *Mirror* from a "foreigner of distinction."

One cannot help thinking that if a few thousands of the alien population of London were cleared out there would be an appreciable decrease in the number of "ugly, ruined faces" in our streets.

If bona-fide Londoners themselves look "vicious, cynical, and tired," is it to be wondered at when they are compelled to put up with such neighbours, who are not only hurtful to the eye, but, in an even greater measure, to the health and morals also?

F. LIDBETTER.

14, Walpole-road, Strawberry-hill, Oct. 24.

IS THE BIBLE TRUE?

If the Dean of Westminster were not a Dean or a professing Christian, but an honest and avowed infidel, Christians would not feel the distress which they do feel at his "blasphemous statements" against the truth of the Bible.

The position is monstrous—perfectly unbearable. The statements of the Old Testament which the Dean denies to be true are endorsed in the New Testament as true by our blessed Lord Himself and by His apostles, so that the Dean not only calls in question the truth of "Moses' writings," as our Lord calls them, but also the truth of the words of God Incarnate Himself.

Why, as the Dean has seemed this deplorable state of irreligion and immorality, does he not, like an honest and moral man, leave the Christian Church?

Such people are indeed inspired by the devil himself.

IGNATIUS, O.S.B., Monk.

Cambridge, Oct. 24.

A DUTIFUL WIFE.

Of the Days When Wives Treated Their Husbands with Respect.

"Right worshipful husband, I recomand me to you that ye be not displeased with me, thow my sympleasse causyd yow for to be displeased with me.

"Be my trowth, it is not my will nother to do ne say that shuld tawse yow for to be displeased; and if I have do I am zory thereof and will amend it."

"Wherefor I beseeche yow to forgive me, and that ye bere none beyevyness in yow hert agens me, for your displeasance shuld be to hevye to me to endure with."

That is how a wife wrote to her husband when she knew he was displeased with her 400 years ago. She did not dare to familiar. No "Darling Dick" or "Dearest Boy," but "Right worshipful husband." The head of the family was a person to be feared rather than loved.

Indeed, there was often little enough love either between husband and wife or parents and children. Marriages among well-to-do people were all "marriages of convenience" in the times when the "Paston Letters" were written (of which Chatto and Windus are just issuing a fresh and valuable edition).

They were rough days, the days of the Wars of the Roses, and men wanted fortunes to help them rather than affection. Fathers, too, were most anxious to get their daughters off their hands.

"If they failed to get married they could be woe, thrashed, like Elizabeth Paston, who was allowed to speak to no one, was beaten once or twice a week, and sometimes twice in one day, and had her head broken in two or three places in consequence."

Lady Doctor: I love my profession, but of course I'll drop it when we're married.
He: But—er—er—we'll have to live.—"Meg-gendolfer Blatter."

—Michael Drayton, 1563-1631.

TILL THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Rose of the Seven Stars.

The room to which Amy Wells removed her few possessions was a tiny attic under the roof; but to her it seemed more homelike than any place which had sheltered her since she had parted from her husband. Perhaps the knowledge that the rent was paid for two weeks in advance made it a sanctuary to her—to the very poor two weeks' respite from poverty seems a great and a wonderful thing.

Twenty-four hours ago she would have scoffed at the idea that she would have asked a stranger to be witness of her opening of the last legacy of Edward Wells; now, almost hysterically, she had persuaded Stephen against his will to remain. Remembering his story of the gruesome relic upon which he had come in the borrowed portmanteau, she was afraid, with cold and womanly fear, of what might lurk in the innocent packet the man she loved had entrusted to her.

Strangely enough, as she cut the string the inconspicuous thought which was uppermost in her mind was a relief that she had no child—no child to share her sorrow and the nameless burden which descended from her husband.

As for Stephen, in his breast curiosity and embarrassment struggled for the mastery. He would have preferred that the woman should disinter this ghost of the dead past herself, and tell him of it afterwards, when the cold vapour of sorrow and remembrance had in some sort subsided.

He did not speak, but sat, withdrawn a little from her, in the shadow, waiting.

It was a strange little room, full of quaint angles drawn by the sloping roof, a place of many and giant shadows, lurking in corners, hovering, quivering, and monstrous on the whitewashed walls, where the one candle projected them. In one corner was a small camp-bed, with rough but clean sheets, and one military blanket. For the rest, the furniture consisted of a round table on three shaly legs, a stool of treacherous unsafety, and a leather-seated chair with a broken back.

Amy had placed the contents of the little shiny black bag upon the table. She unlocked it and drew forth the one article it contained, the packet her husband had entrusted to her keeping.

It was a very neatly made-up parcel, wrapped in white-brown paper, scrupulously tied and sealed as to the ends, and the ends were some inches long, and about the width of an ordinary foolscap envelope. It bore no mark or address of any kind. Amy fiddled with the strings; she had no knife or scissors, nor had Latham. Their mutual poverty put them at their ease.

"Edward was always so neat," she said with a little sigh. "It is like a packet one uses in a shop—a jeweller's shop." She spoke reverently, as one who in the past had been the recipient of many such packets.

The strings were obdurate. Stephen, on edge with an excitement for which he could have laughed at himself, suggested a match, and she held it, chattering the string, her fingers trembling so much that the flame lit only with death, heated it till it browned and cracked.

She held the thing towards her companion, with a sudden desperation in her manner. "Will you open it, please?" she said, "and tell me what is in it? I cannot—I am afraid!"

Even as she spoke prudence told her that she was acting foolishly. For all she knew, this man might be a spy—someone who had come for the very purpose of prying into her dead husband's secret. She rejected the thought. Stephen was her friend; he had saved her from fainting in the streets, from laying bare to all the little world, through which she had crept like a ghost for the last few months of her widowhood.

Stephen took the parcel in his hand, but even as he did so he hesitated. His innate delicacy revolted against the task which she laid upon him. To search the possessions of a dead man when you have assumed his personality in sheer self-defence is one thing; to probe into the secrets so intimate and delicate a restraint with death could bear to disclose them, and, moreover, to probe into them in the presence of his wife, is very different.

"Don't you," he began diffidently, "don't you think it would be better for you to open it yourself? He—wouldn't he have preferred it?" She made a vehement gesture of dissent with her hands. "I cannot—I cannot!" she repeated again.

Clumsily enough, Stephen undid the paper and laid the contents of the parcel on the table.

They were three in number: a very elaborately and beautifully carved sandalwood box about six inches square, a bulky envelope containing what looked like share certificates, and a packet of papers, roughly pinned together, which looked like pages torn from a reporter's notebook. This was endorsed boldly across the top, "To my wife," and beneath, in smaller, less confident writing, "The last confession of Edward Wells."

"Mrs. Wells," said Stephen gently.

"Yes," she replied, over her shoulder. She stood by the mantelpiece, gripping it nervously, her head bent.

"This is meant for you alone, I am sure of that. Will you take it, please?"

He went over and laid the confession near her without a word, then returned to the table and tried to open the little box.

This was a matter of difficulty. It opened with the same spring, and his fingers were still so painful that the most trivial action of this kind, involving the slightest delicacy of touch, was almost a renewal of the torture.

But at last, almost by accident, his finger lighted on the spring, and the lid flew open.

Stephen uttered a little exclamation of pain. The box was lined with satin; the colour set his nerves jangling. It was the green now so terribly familiar to him, the colour of the silk which had wrapped the shrivelled finger he had found in Edward Wells's portmanteau, the colour which had been repeated in the turbans of his gaolers and the hangings which had draped the walls of his prison.

The centre of the box was filled with cotton-wool. Stephen touched this, not without a certain repugnance and, blundered his sense of touch was, it told him that what lay beneath was no companion to that gruesome relic, but was larger, harder, probably an ornament of some sort.

He lifted the wool. The candle, flickering in the draught, caught a hundred, a myriad, varied colours from what lay beneath.

"By Jove!" said Stephen, under his breath. "By Jove!"

At the sound of his muttered words Amy turned. "What is it?" she asked. "Not—not—?"

"No, no," Stephen replied reassuringly. "Nothing horrible. Something, indeed, more beautiful than I have ever seen in my life!"

She came forward listlessly. He saw that she had not opened the confession, but held it tightly clasped in her thin hands. He pushed the box towards her. "Look! Is it not marvellous? Something to make you a rich woman, Mrs. Wells!"

It did not occur to him to qualify his words in any way. Even to his inexperienced eyes it seemed that no precious gems could emit so exquisitely pure a radiance.

Amy uttered a cry. The papers that she held fluttered to the ground. She lifted the box, looked at its contents closely, then without a word turned them out into the palm of her left hand. What lay there was a pendant, about the size of her hand, fashioned of diamonds in the form of a large single rose, surrounded by seven stars. The setting of this gem was of silver filigree work, so exquisitely delicate that it seemed fashioned rather of iridescent drops of water than of hard, tangible diamonds.

She turned a troubled face to Stephen, and from Stephen to the confession lying on the floor, then, still silently, she laid the pendant down on the scarred, unsightly table, and stooped and picked up the message of the dead.

Stephen touched the jewels almost reverently. They were so beautiful, and he adored beauty. They were like some beautiful, celestial flower, rather than an ornament fashioned from the most callous of all precious stones.

Sitting on the stool, Amy turned over the pages of Edward Wells's confession.

It was very beautifully written, the writing of a man who would have made up punctiliously the parcel that she had found so hard to open, and was dated "London, August, 19—"

"My Darling Wife," the manuscript began, "When you read this I shall be dead. If it were not that that means I have left you behind, I would say thank God for it! But when one loves as we have loved parting is the most unendurable of all sorrows. Sometimes perhaps during these months that have passed you may have doubted; nay, I know that you have doubted the sincerity of my love for you. When you have read what is written here you will understand why I have been what I have been; understand, too, how, loving you as I do, I yet go forth almost gladly to take my release through the doors of death."

Here there was a break in the manuscript. Some deeply-erased lines, the single word "Good-bye," initialled, and the personal nature of Edward Wells's confession ceased.

Amy's eyes were filled with tears; they blinded her; she saw, through as it were a mist of blood, the heading to the continuation of the story: "The History of the Rose of the Seven Stars."

She stretched out her hand to Stephen. "Read it," she said, "read it. I cannot see. I must know."

"Will you not wait?" he said gently. "Wait till you are more composed and alone?"

She shook her head. "No, no, why should I wait?" she faltered. "Perhaps it is something that you should know. Remember that, as it were, you seem to take some of his sufferings on you."

Stephen took the papers she held out to him, and, sitting down on the stool, began to read in a low, monotonous voice.

The beginning of the story was uninteresting enough. It set out how Edward Wells, after a youth of ordinary uneventfulness, at the age of sixteen suddenly became aware that the mother he had imagined dead was in reality alive, and had received a letter from a widow, who, like herself, was possessed of one son. This boy, then some six years older than Edward Wells, was named Roderick Maxwell, and was in his second year at Oriel College, Oxford.

Stephen uttered an exclamation of astonishment. It might be a coincidence, yet it was a very singular

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(To be continued.)

SMART TOILETTES FOR TEA PARTIES—COTTON WOOL SCULPTURE.

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A NOVEL FORM OF MODERN ART.

Sculpture, executed in cotton-wool, is the latest form of the plastic art.

The American artist who—as she expresses it—“models in anything but water,” has lately added portraits and classical high-reliefs, done in waxing, to her unusual list of accomplishments, which includes busts and statues in butter, and in soap, all done “against time.”

The method she employs in dealing with such an intractable material as cotton-wool is, according to her own account, “quite simple,” but savours to the onlooker of black magic.

When this artist gives a demonstration in wool she works on a blackboard, which is in reality a large hair-cushion, covered with black oilcloth.

Greek Gods in Cotton-wool.

Beside her is a snowy pile of the wadding, damped to a nicety. Instantly the sculptor plunges her hands into the mass, and to pin it to the cushion here and there is the work of a second. Then, with lightning rapidity, fold upon fold is built up, and twisted, patted, tweaked into shape. In five minutes or less—hey presto!—is produced a fragment from the Parthenon or an image of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, with his eye-glass all complete. When finished the effect at a little distance resembles marble.

Modelling against time is very exhausting work, more especially when the material is the soap, from which this artist fashions a six-foot Venus in under six minutes.

Advocates of the pianoforte should note that laborious practising of scales enters largely into the artist's training. For to this she attributes the muscularity and perfect independence of her fingers. She never uses a tool, but her fingers fly over a huge surface, never touching the same spot twice.

BEAUTY DOCTORS IN PARIS.

A NOTE FROM A FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

If you could see some of the smart women who come to the dainty dressing-rooms of the French beauty doctors in the morning, you would be surprised, writes a correspondent in Paris. The cult is certainly very much increasing here. The other day I saw an American Countess at one salon who was born with the most unfortunate awkwardness of manner and speech, and who could never be either a belle or a beauty, but who is always remarkably well-groomed. I have often thought she should be congratulated, at least, on her maid, when it is, after all, the treatment of a clever beauty doctor, a woman of fifty-five with a skin like a baby's, who is the cause of her success.

After I had had my face beautifully scrubbed with waters and creams and refreshing tonics, and finally lightly powdered at this shrine of beauty, I passed in the salon the handsome wife of a well-known French painter, recently dead. This lady trailed long, rustling draperies of black silk and crepe, and fluffs of white tulle framed her brilliantly-coloured face and snow-white hair. Her niece English maid followed in her wake, and a handsome son, whose portrait by his father is one of the treasures of the Luxembourg, finished her suite. I was indiscreet enough to meet her again, when we were both changing rooms for different operations towards beauty's end, and this time her

neck and arms were bare, save for a light black lace scarf, and it was indeed a second marvel to see this lady of “a certain age” with the fresh,

proper nourishment. The washes sold are very costly. One with which the skin should be bathed to remove dust and soot is 35 francs a litre, and

till a delicate brown. When they are sufficiently cooked allow to become cold. Rub the icing-sugar through a hair sieve, mix with it gradually enough cold water to allow of its smoothly coating the back of a spoon. Add the marshmalo according to taste. Pour a small spoonful of this icing on the centre of each tartlet, but not on the pastry, and sprinkle with finely-chopped pistachio nuts.

ATHLETIC GIRLS.

NEW JERSEYS AND SMART CAPS.

A very useful garment for the sportswoman is the jersey or sweater, and its garment has undergone such a decided and distinct evolution as it has of late. The latest stage in its development is something which bears little or no resemblance to its ancestor, the old-fashioned knitted jersey, which was drawn on over the head at the risk, and generally with the result, of disarranging the hair in a most annoying manner.

These useful wraps are in style and shape nearly elaborate jackets now, and from the smart Eton model to the sportsmanlike-looking Norfolk jacket are becoming enough to please even the most fastidious of girls.

Hats to match the jerseys are as important an adjunct to the costume as though it were a reception gown. Several different models are being shown, and one is a three-cornered affair after the Napoleonic style, though without any trimming save for a neat silk band round the crown. It is made of knitting or crocheted like the sweater.

Huge fleecy Tam o' Shanter in red, white, grey, and black, to match the coats, are becoming to nearly every type of face. More particularly for motor wear there is a large crowned, white serge cap with a forcipiece which can be firmly pinned down so that there is little likelihood of its being whipped off by the wind. The straight-brimmed sailor hat, so popular this summer in straw, is worn in felt and woven wool this autumn, and this mode of hat is particularly well adapted as a companion to the jersey.



The charming toilette seen above was sketched at Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's, 170, Regent-street, London, W. Its cost is only two guineas and a half complete, as it is seen here, and it is kept in stock in black, navy blue, and brown serge, though it can be made in any other colour in four days. The coat is lined with silk and the skirt with linenette, and the whole is prettily trimmed with braid and dainty buttons.

soft, unwrinkled skin of youth. No cosmetics are used at this salon, but health and life are given to the muscles and to the skin by proper exercise and

stringent tonic which comes next on the toilette-table is 50 francs a litre, and a good cream 25 francs a pot. Pretty cases containing these three articles with some delicious powder of finest quality are to be had in several sizes, and in prices that range from 45 to 125 francs.

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Miss Richards, of 104, Shuland-road, Paddington, is delighted with the Miniature received this

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Miniature to hand. Am delighted with excellent likeness and beautiful finish. Shall recommend you to all my friends. W. G. GARDNER.

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YOUR FOOTGEAR.

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There is no way in which a woman's good or bad taste shows more plainly than in the manner in which she dresses her feet. Though very high heels should not be worn, for they throw the figure out of all proportion, the girl who likes a fairly high one may wear it if she will choose one that is comfortable. The really smart and comfortable heel is the commonsense one.

The heel that is too low is just as bad as the one that is too high. Extremely low heels are apt to give a flat-footed, squat appearance to the foot, and the weight of the wearer is thrown too much on the spinal cord.

The shoe can be made to look much more dressy if the plain lace is taken out and an inch-wide ribbon is substituted as a tie.

ALEXANDRA TARTLETS.

Ingredients:—Half a pound of puff or any good pastry, two ounces of sponge-cake crumbs, two ounces of castor-sugar, one ounce of butter, one egg, half a pound of icing-sugar, vanilla, marsh-malo, half an ounce of pistachio nuts.

Roll out the pastry very thinly, cut it into rounds, and fit them into small patty-tins. Trim and crimp the edges. Cream the butter and castor-sugar, beat and mix in the egg, and add the cake crumbs. Flavour nicely with vanilla. Half fill the patty shells with this mixture, and bake in a quick oven

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